

The Times

XIVTH YEAR—36 PAGES.

SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 17, 1895.—TRIPLE SHEET.

PER WEEK, 20c; PER MONTH, 50c; FIVE CENTS

A MUSEMENTS—

With Dates of Events.

New Los Angeles Theater—

C. M. WOOD, Lessee.

H. C. WYATT, Manager.

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENINGS, NOV. 19-20.

The Famous London Mystic Alex. J. McIvor Tyndall, in his European and celebrated "Mystic THE SUPERNATURAL IN NATURE." The same as given before Queen Victoria and the Crown Prince of Germany. Invited to Tyndall's blindfold carriage drive, at the Hotel Harmonia, Monday, Nov. 18, at 8 p.m. Regular Price, 75c, 50c and 25c. Seats now on sale.

New Angeles Theater.

C. M. WOOD, Lessee. H. C. WYATT, Manager.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHTS, Nov. 21, 22 and 23.

MATINEE SATURDAY.

AND NOW WE LAUGH—"Charley's Aunt," the world-famous comedy.

By Brandon Thomas, management of CHARLES FROHMAN.

Presented here by the original Boston Company.

The prices only \$1, 75c, 50c and 25c.

Seats on sale Monday, Nov. 18.

OPHEUM—

S. MAIN ST. BET. FIRST AND SECOND STS.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, NOV. 18.

Red Letter Society Event of the Season.

A programme rendered by recognized musical artists of both hemispheres, completing a high-class entertainment never before attempted in America.

★ POSITIVE APPEARANCE ★

Of the Celebrated and World-renowned Virtuoso,

OVIDE MUSIN

ASSISTED BY

Annie Louise Musin and Mr. Eduard Scharf,

The Eminent Pianist,

INTERSPERSED WITH THE GREATEST OF VAUDEVILLE STARS.

ORION TRIO, Presenting a new and original Musical Comedy Sketch.

THE BATES, Eminent Vocalists and Cornetists.

In an entire new repertoire.

GOTHAM CITY QUARTETTE, Pronounced by press and public the greatest.

Musical and Comedy Quartette in the country.

MATINEES SATURDAY AND SUNDAY.

Performance every evening, including Sunday. Evening prices—Orchestra and dress circle, 50c; family circle and balcony, 25c; single box and loge, 100c. Telephone 1447.

A word of advice—Secure seats early.

BURBANK THEATER. Main St. bet. Fifth and Sixth FRED A. COOPER, Manager.

TONIGHT—

Last Production of

"MOTHS."

Tomorrow evening the full strength of the FRAWLEY COMPANY in

"THE ARABIAN NIGHTS."

A THLETIC PARK—

NATIONAL CIRCUIT RACES,

NOVEMBER 21, 22 AND 23.

The Biggest Bicycle Riders in the country will ride. E. C. Hall, Tom Cooper, Karl Kiser, Charles Murphy, C. S. Wells, Bob Terrell are here and will ride.

Five or more complete races finished each day. No heats run in private; public sees it all each day.

PROGRAM

THURSDAY—Class "B" 1 Mile. Invitation—2 Mile Lap. Class "A"—1 Mile Novice, 1 Mile Handicap, 1 Mile Fast, 1/2 Mile Juvenile Invitation.

FRIDAY—1/2 Mile Novice, 1/2 Mile Handicap, 1/2 Mile Invitation. Class "A" 1 Mile Record—3/4 Mile Lap, 1/2 Mile Juvenile Invitation.

SATURDAY—Class "B" 1/2 Mile. Open—1 Mile Winners—1 Mile Record. Class "A" 5/8 Mile Handicap—1/2 Mile Juvenile Invitation.

Match at the California Island Board—18 miles. Races at 1:30 p.m.

No favorite day, one day as good as the other.

GENERAL EASTERN—Pages 1, 2, 3.

An electric car goes through a drawbridge at Cleveland—from twelve to twenty people reported drowned....

An American missionary cables that the massacre of 800 people at Kharput was designed by the Turks as a test of America's intention toward protecting missionaries....

Rescue of part of an American bark's crew....

American steamship Laurada seized for filibustering....

The gold shipments and our foreign trade....

A bloody mystery at Duluth....

Effort to reduce the price of sleeping-car berths....

Choyński willing to meet Maher....

Fire in a Detroit match factory attended by loss of life....

Death of Dr. S. F. Smith, author of the national poem, "America"....

The case against the dealers in "Healer" Schlatte's handkerchiefs dismissed.

BY CABLE—Pages 1, 2.

Eight hundred people massacred by

Mussulmans at Kharput and eight of

the American mission buildings are

sacked and burned—The powers and

the Porte....

The London weekly cable letters—

Royalty, nobility, sport and

theatricals....

The birth of the Czar's

daughter duly published to the Russians....

Grave dissatisfaction over the

trials for less majesty at Berlin—

United States Consul Partello in dis-

favor with German exporters....

A Belgian cashier arrested for a steal of

\$2,500,000.

AT LARGE—Pages 1, 2, 3.

Dispatches were also received from

Guthrie, Okla.; Chicago, Denver, Lon-

don, Boston, Atlanta, San Francisco,

New York, Huntington, W. Va.; Wil-

liamport, Pa.; West Point, Philadel-

phia, Ithaca, Washington, Nashville,

Syracuse, and other places.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL—Page 23.

The New York associated banks—

Liverpool grain transactions....

Five hundred pounds transferred from China

to Japan....

Dull bond speculation at New York and London....

The grain markets....

Coast price-lists.

WEATHER FORECAST.

SAFETY FRANCISCO, Nov. 16.—For

Southern California: Increasing clouds-

and probable showers Sunday

afternoon; cooler; easterly winds.

THOSE GOLD BARS.

Some Interesting Testimony in the

Carson Mint Swindle.

REGULAR ASSOCIATED PRESS REPORT.

CARSON, (Cal.) Nov. 16.—The most

important witness in the Heron case

today was H. B. Cook, proprietor of the

Reno Reduction Works. He said

that Heney came to him August 14,

1894, and told him that he and two or

three others had a mine in Silver City

near the Oest mine. He wanted some

work done and described everything

appertaining thereto, on condition that

the information was not to be disclosed to any one because he

was afraid of losing the lease of

the mine. Heney came next

morning with a lot of stuff he said

was gold and shipped a bar containing

2724 ounces to San Francisco. Heney

then sold the works

containing 212 ounces and 800 ounces

respectively. The approximate value

of the witness was said to be \$6000.

On August 22 the defendant brought a bar

of 264 ounces, 975 fine, valued at \$3345.69

and another bar of 1000 fine, valued at

\$1000. The defendant then presented

more. The attention of the witness

was first drawn to the deficiency on

March 22, 1895, and he then telephoned to Superintendent Adams

to come to Reno at once, as he thought

he had a clew.

REFRESHMENTS. Admission 10c.

PASADENA ELECTRIC CARS take you to the gate.

B LANCHARD-FITZGERALD MUSIC HALL.

113 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

Kraus String Quartette.

Monday Evening, Nov. 18th, 1895.

Tickets now on sale at B LANCHARD, FITZGERALD MUSIC CO., 113—115½ S. Spring Street, the most thorough equipped Music House in the part of the State. Steinway, Emerson, Pease, Gaber, Liederhain and many other Pianos.

ATHLETIC PARK—

Baseball, 2 great games today—Los Angeles vs. San Jose; and Francis vs. Trilby, (colored) ADMISSION 25 cents. Wilson vs. Trilby game called at 1 p.m.

NORTH BEACH BATH-HOUSE, SANTA MONICA.

The Plunge is filled and warm. It will be kept so all winter, so you need not be afraid of going down to Santa Monica and finding it empty. October at the beach is the most beautiful month in the year, and a swim now is as much fun as one in August.

ATHLETIC PARK.

TOMORROW. Occidental vs. University, S. Cal.

ADMISSION 25c. LADIES FREE.

GAMES 2.00.

THE MORNING'S NEWS

The Times

Associated Press Reports Briefed.

THE CITY—Pages 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24.

STILL GOES ON.

Sickening Butchery of Helpless People.

Kharput the Scene of the Latest Turkish Massacres.

Eight of the American Mission Buildings Wrecked by Mussulmans.

The Turk Intends the Outrage for a Test of the Sincerity of the American Government.

REGULAR ASSOCIATED PRESS REPORT

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 16.—(By Atlantic Cable.) About eight hundred persons were massacred by Mussulmans at Kharput. Eight of the twelve buildings owned by the American missions were sacked and burned. Lives spared. Houses stripped. Turks will regard this as a test of the intention of America's intention toward protecting missionaries....

The first missionary to occupy this station was Dunmore. In 1855, he left after three years, and during the Civil War he became a chaplain. The church was destroyed. The first church was formed in

years of age, of No. 55 Mary street, a tailor.

CURT LEPHNE, aged 19, residence unknown.

BESSIE DAVIS, aged 20.

JAMES MULAGHIN, aged 25, of New Townbridge avenue, a printer.

MARY W. FOSTER, aged 21, of Menor avenue, a clerk.

MATTHEW CALLAHAN, 21, years old, of Hamilton street.

MRS. SAUERHEIMER, aged 35, Proctor street.

MRS. MARTHA SAUERHEIMER, aged 36, of No. 15 Merchant avenue.

Rogers, the motorman of the car, was arrested tonight and was held in \$500 to await the result of the coroner's inquest. When taken into custody he said:

"The conductor went ahead and turned the switch, giving me the signal to come along. I started to everything all right and did not notice that the draw was open. I suppose I was deceived by the fact that the electric lights in the car did not go out when we passed the cut-off. When I discovered that the gates to the draw were open, I jumped from the car, ran along the edge of the bridge and safely escaped rolling over. When I saw what had happened and realized the extent, I ran across the bridge until I found a policeman and told him to get help. Then I went down below to the engine room to do my work on the wreck, and afterward went home."

Rogers was closely questioned by the detectives and Chief of Police, but he insisted that the conductor had given him the proper signal to go ahead.

The body of the man who went by the flaring lights of the fireboats. By 10:30 o'clock five more bodies in addition to those already taken to the morgue, making twelve in all, had been taken from the river. Among them was a young woman with blonde hair and fairly well-dressed, being the property of a shopkeeper gone home from work. In her side in the dead wagon lay the body of a woman about 50 years old, and near her was one of a woman about 40 years of age.

Scores of people living on the South Side who had relatives or friends working in visiting in the East, still worked to the bottom of the accident and the morgues to inquire about friends. In the confusion, however, but little could be learned from them. Perhaps the persons for whom they were looking were in the throngs about the bridge, for up to 11 o'clock night not a single body was identified.

What first comes from the scene of the wreck that a dredge had been secured and the whole car will be raised bodily from the bottom of the river. If that is done the remainder of the bodies will soon be recovered, for it is not possible that many of them have floated away. The bodies practically without exception at that time.

LATER—Other victims are:

MRS. W. A. HOFFMANN, No. 345 Pearl street.

HARVEY HOFFMANN, 15 years old, son of Mrs. W. A. Hoffmann. Among the people who gathered at the wreck the blame for the frightful calamity was laid at the door of Motorman Rogers and Conductor Huffman. Nearly all the blame, however, was placed with Rogers, who has been in the employ of the big consolidated street railway for 10 years. Charles Brinker, the bridge captain, says:

"I was on duty at 7:30. It was about 7:20 o'clock when a boat coming up the river whistled for the drawbridge. I then gave the signals to Englewood. Petersen and the gate guards, I shot with the gun at the men again myself, run up the red light on the pole and hung the red lanterns on the gates. These red lights, as is well known, signify danger—that the draw is open. Then I gave the engineer the signal to draw the wedge and also gave the signal of bell which caused the men to swing the bridge. The bridge had swung clear and the boat had approached almost under it when I was dumbfounded to see a large combination street car with at least twenty passengers inside, which had suddenly appeared and only about forty-five feet away. I cried out with all my might: 'Stop! Stop!' For God's sake stop that car!"

The motorman was endeavoring to stop the car, but it seemed that the efforts were not all the car continued and crashing into the gates which gave way, and in a second the car had gone over the precipice. As the car struck the gates the frightened motorman jumped and fell on the bridge. As he fell he was cut and he rolled over the bridge and cried to the men in the tug vessel passing through the bridge to notify the police and ambulances of the awful accident when they went up the river. I saw the motorman about ten minutes after the accident, but he disappeared shortly afterward. No blame can be attached to those in charge of the bridge. The accident is entirely the fault of the crew of the motor."

The bodies recovered up to midnight numbered thirteen. Three more bodies have been identified. Three of those of Matthew Callahan, who lived on Hamilton street; Mrs. Saurchmer of Professor street, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Martha Saurchmer of No. 154 Merchant avenue. The man who was taken to the morgue in an unconscious condition is Patrick Looney of Liman street. He recovered consciousness shortly before midnight, but is in a critical condition.

Looney had a bad wound on the head and when he recovered consciousness that he recollection of the accident was not very clear. It was the first time he had been unconscious since he had been in the car. He recovered consciousness shortly before midnight, but is in a critical condition.

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LINERS.

FOR EXCHANGE—Real Estate.

3½ acres bearing fruit oranges at Ontario, 10 per cent. income guaranteed, and cash for city residence.

5 acres in Santa Ana, fine improvements, and cash for Los Angeles city or affairs land.

These properties are first-class and their owners mean business.

G. W. SHERWOOD, 123 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—2 room 2-story residence, Pasadena, for house in city.

5 acres in bearing fruit, with good improvements, at Pasadena, for city property.

40 acres at Atura, good improvements; 30 acres in fruit, for city property.

G. D. STODDARD, 110 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—GOOD PROPERTY IN Pasadena for property in Denver and Buffalo, N. Y.; also alfalfa ranch at El Monte.

For information, see CALIFORNIA INVESTMENT CO., Pasadena.

FOR EXCHANGE—WE HAVE TWO OF THE finest homes in the beautiful city of San Diego to trade for real estate property here.

WILLIAM STRONG, 124 S. Fourth, Chamber of Commerce building.

FOR EXCHANGE—ONE SALE: EQUITY OF 50% of one of the handsomest houses on Adams and new modern; what you offer to exchange in El Monte.

J. H. MITCHELL, 126 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—WANTED: VACANT HOME on Third st., (Howe's Heights); a good payment for house and lot west of Main, balloon installments. OWNER, 73 S. Flower.

FOR EXCHANGE—CHOICE RANCH PROPERTY, fruit orchards, alfalfa land, for Los Angeles improved or unimproved lots. KEEGAN & WELLS, 182 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES WELL, IM-

PROBABLY THE MOST SOMETHING, here something here; what have you to offer?

Address J. box 43, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—TRACT OF 600 ACRES: income \$1000, equity about \$4000; want new modern home; will take clear.

Address J. box 25, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES GOOD UN-

improved land with water, near railway, for station or cigar store. REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT CO., 124 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—1 ACRE WITH 140 2-year-old orange and lemon trees; near center of Monterey, Calif., for Los Angeles.

Address 200, WILCOX ST., 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—FINE FRUIT FARMS

for city property and assume; Eastern for city and pay cash difference. SMITH BROS., 145 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—SMALL IMPROVED

house, for Los Angeles property; equity.

ALLEN & WADSWORTH, 35 and 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—GOOD EASTERN PRO-

perty and money for Los Angeles property.

A. M. STANTON & CO., S. E. cor. Second and Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—HORSES ON LAND FOR

lemon, walnut, apricot and olive trees. Ad-

dress P. A. STANTON, 121 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—A FINE HOME IN OGDEN, Utah, for Los Angeles city or county property; clear. KEENAN & WELLS, 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—ALFALFA LAND WITH

water, plenty to exchange for clear improved fruit lands. Address J. box 26, TIMES OF-

ICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—BUSINESS CARD, \$1 per 1000; other printing in proportion. Pacific Printing Plant, 217 New High, Tel. 1400.

FOR EXCHANGE—NICE EASTERN CITY HOME IN DECK FOR California property; \$3000. Ad-

dress OWNER, 760 Ottawa st., 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES CLEAR, 10 ACRES

lemon land at Pasadena for Los Angeles property.

SUMWALT, 401 Stimson.

FOR EXCHANGE—LAND NEAR NEW-

PORT FOR irrigation, good property; offer 1000; cash for exchange.

Address NOLAN & SMITH, 228 S. Second.

FOR SALE—LODGING-HOUSE—

\$1250—20 rooms, rent \$60; close in.

12 rooms, \$50; 29 rooms, \$1050.

14 rooms, corner, 2600; 20 rooms, \$1150.

16 rooms, \$1250; 21 rooms, \$1350.

20 rooms, \$1400; 40 rooms, \$1600.

64 rooms, \$450; at San Diego; ocean view; ½ cash, balance monthly, or will exchange for other house and pay difference.

17.

FOR SALE—RESTAURANT WITH PATRON-

AGE, 2000; cash for exchange.

Address J. box 77, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—EXTRA EASTERN LAND FOR

lemon, walnut, apricot and olive trees. Ad-

dress MORRIS & LEE, 328 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—GOOD RANCH IN OR-

ANGELO city for property in the city. Ad-

dress J. box 44, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—LAND CLEAR, 10 ACRES

lemon land at Pasadena for Los Angeles property.

Address J. box 26, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR EXCHANGE—10 ACRES NEAR NEW-

PORT FOR irrigation, good property; offer 1000; cash for exchange.

Address E. K. ALEXANDER, 145 S. Broad-

way.

FOR EXCHANGE—INCOME PHILADEL-

PHIA property. R. D. LIST, 1234 W. Sec-

ond and Broadway.

FOR SALE—BARN 10x14, C. WORTH, 228 S. Spring st., 17.

SWAPS—

All Sorts, Big and Little.

FOR SALE—

Small cash payments and balance easy terms.

These houses must be sold, and that quick.

\$1400—New cottage 4 rooms, bath, closet, screen porch; Towne ave.

\$1550—5 room cottage, complete, on Rich st., between 2 electric car lines; street graded and sewerized.

\$1700—5 room new modern cottage, on E. 12th st., near electric cars.

WM. F. BOSBYSHELL, 107 S. Broadway.

FOR EXCHANGE—2 close-in lots for approved street bonds.

Good watch for wheat or oat hay.

Good lot in part payment for a house to be built.

W. G. DAYLE, 27 W. Second st., 17.

FOR SALE—

\$500—9 room house, close in.

House st. worth \$600.

\$300—7 room house, Orange st.; house alone cost \$300.

\$350—6 room house on Graham st., Los Angeles.

FORBES & HELMAR, 234 W. First st., 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—LAND OWNERS LOOK!

Complete owner's title and building, worth \$3000, for ranch or dam land, suitable for truck farm. Apply 208 BYRNE BUILDING, 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—OR SALE: GROCERY

for small ranch; this is a good cash grocery, new stock, must sell or can be sold on a cash basis; good property and ranch, if you have it; price of stock and rations, about \$1000; see this if you want a good business, very reasonable. Address H. box 50, TIMES OFFICE.

FOR SALE—1000 ft. on Clinton st.

\$9000—500 ft. on Westlake ave.

\$750—50 ft. on Pico near Vernon.

\$1750—50 ft. on Burlington.

FORDES & HELMAR, 234 W. First st., 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—LAND OWNERS LOOK!

Complete owner's title and building, worth \$3000, for ranch or dam land, suitable for truck farm. Apply 208 BYRNE BUILDING, 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—NEW SINGLE BREAST-

collar harness, only used 3 times; cost me \$22; want good wheel with pay cash difference.

S. S. COOK, SECOND and BROADWAY, room 20, 210.

FOR EXCHANGE—FOR A LIGHT HORSE

wagon, harness, 2 new high-grade "96 Ram" saddle, 2 new leather reins, 21 and 25 dms. Inquire 2165 Pavilion ave., opp. S. S. COOK, SECOND and BROADWAY, room 20, 210.

FOR EXCHANGE—CHOICE RESIDENCE PROPER-

TY, one bedroom, overlooking city and ocean, good for investment, all in good order, for a standard apartment. Apply 208 BYRNE BUILDING, 17.

FOR EXCHANGE—2000 ORANGE OR

real estate; have had no setbacks, no frost; in prime condition. J. W. REED, Monrovia, 20.

FOR EXCHANGE—WANTED TO SWAP A

1500 ft. horse for good cow. Call Monday, 10 to 12, at 208 CORNWALL ST., Boyle Heights.

FOR EXCHANGE—WANT GARDEN

BLANCHE, 128 S. Spring st.

FOR EXCHANGE—BUSINESS CARDS, \$1 per 1000; other printing in proportion. Pacific Printing Plant, 217 New High, Tel. 1400.

FOR EXCHANGE—ARCHITECTURAL

drawings, first or second, on same. Address H. box 26, TIMES OFFICE.

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FOR EXCHANGE—ARCHITECTURAL
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LINERS

TO LET—Rooms.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR IN SUITE, WITH OR WITHOUT BOARD. 537 MAPLE AVE.

TO LET—A LITTLE NEW AND ELEGANTLY furnished room, with or without board; coolest dining room; hair before that cannot be surpassed; finest general and private barbers. H. H. JOHNSON, 1207 W. Seventh.

TO LET—SAVES CAR FARE AND WORRY by consulting the list of rooms and houses at THE PEOPLE'S ROOM AND HOUSE RENTING AGENCY, at 619 S. Spring, a few real bargains in houses and lots for sale.

TO LET—A GENTLEMAN, HANDSOME, bald (breakfast if required) in a strictly private house; no other lodger; room with private bath, \$12. H. H. JOHNSON, 1207 W. Seventh.

TO LET—VERY DESIRABLE PARLOR bedroom, hot and cold water; running water and shower; no other lodger; room with private bath, \$12. H. H. JOHNSON, 1207 W. Seventh.

TO LET—WITH BOARD, MAN AND WIFE of two ladies, neatly dressed; room with private bath, \$12. H. H. JOHNSON, 1207 W. Seventh.

TO LET—CLERKS, TEACHERS, TOURISTS and pleasure-seekers rooms in city. TOURISTS HEADQUARTERS CO., rooms 35 and 36, Bryn Block.

TO LET—DOUBLE PARLORS, FURNISHED with board; bath, \$16. H. H. JOHNSON, 1207 W. Seventh. Furnished room, with housekeeping, \$9. 1006 S. Broadway.

TO LET—TWO OR THREE FURNISHED rooms, housekeeping, no children. 98 S. Broadway.

TO LET—FURNISHED SUNNY FRONT room with sleeve, suitable for 2. 912 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR SUITE, WITH HOUSEKEEPING. 214 W. SIXTH ST.

TO LET—2 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING; no children wanted. 310 CLAY ST.

TO LET—2 OR 3 PARTIALLY FURNISHED ROOMS suitable for housekeeping. 946 S. HOME ST.

TO LET—2 OR 3 SUNNY ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING IN PRIVATE FAMILY, cheap. 711 S. MAIN.

TO LET—ROOMS, 2D ST.; MEALS FURNISHED if desired. Address J. box 35, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—FURNISHED SUNNY ROOMS, 417 TEMPLE ST., ONE BLOCK FROM COURTHOUSE.

TO LET—2 SUNNY FURNISHED ROOMS ON ONE LINE; housekeeping privileges. 636 S. HILL.

TO LET—CLEAN, CHEAP, HOUSEKEEPING rooms, single or suite. 608 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—CHEAP, SUNNY FURNISHED ROOMS, close in. THE "WAVERLY," 127 E. Third.

TO LET—A SUITE OF UNFURNISHED ROOMS and a furnished room. 563 S. HOME ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS FOR LIGHT housekeeping. 228 BUNKER HILL AVE.

TO LET—3 FRONT SUNNY ROOMS, WITH BOARD; private family. 367 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—THE BROOKLYN, 28 W. FIFTH, corner Hill, furnished rooms, single or en suite; opposite Central Park; finest location in city; light housekeeping privileges. 112 E. 22d.

TO LET—3 PLEASANT UNFURNISHED rooms, new house; good location; cor. Flower and Venetian. Inquire 41-42 FIFTH.

TO LET—THE BROADWAY, 28 W. FIFTH, new house; modern, second story; new required. Call bet. 9 and 12 o'clock. 128 S. FLICKER, bet. Second and Third.

TO LET—SAN PEDRO COR. WINSTON, new, new stairs, new, new, room to \$6 to \$10 per month; gentlemen preferred; all un furnished rooms for families. 17.

TO LET—AN ELEGANT SUITE OF ROOMS and a single room, very reasonable. For doctor or dentist. 285 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—LOWER FLOOR, 200 ROOMS, FURNISHED FOR BOARD. 58 S. HILL, BETWEEN Sixth and Seventh.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED, SUNNY rooms in private house; use of bath, no board; 1 block from Courthouse. 17.

TO LET—4 ROOMS, SECOND FLOOR, all conveniences; large yard; 1/2 block from First-st. cable, no children. 285 Gleason ave. bet. 21st and 22d.

TO LET—TOURISTS AND OTHERS DESCRIBED furnished houses, rooms or board call 217 BYRNE BLDG. cor. Third and Broadway.

TO LET—3 PARTIALLY FURNISHED UNFURNISHED rooms; would share expenses with single lady or married couple without children. 618 S. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—COZY, SUNNIEST ROOM IN CITY, block of Figueroa on 15th st.; close to bath, etc. cheap to young gentleman. Call 623 S. 13th ST.

TO LET—36 ROOMS LOADING-HOUSE AND STOREROOMS, 2000 sq. ft. for power house; Central ave. R. A. WALTON 22d. Second and.

TO LET—MATHESWS HOUSE CHANGED AND GREATLY REFORMED; now for week and upward. MRS. M. BOUGHTON, 22d. Fifth street.

TO LET—CHEAP; ONE FURNISHED AND 5 unfurnished rooms; fine house and ground to furnish if desired. 33 N. GRIFFIN AVE.

TO LET—A SUNNY, FURNISHED FRONT room in private house. 322 TEMPLE ST., to desire; no references; no invalids; apply 10 to 12.

TO LET—DESIRABLE FURNISHED ROOM or two for housekeeping; 6 blocks from Third and Broadway. Address K, box 27, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—IN A PRIVATE FAMILY, a well-furnished sunny room, to a gentleman only. At 534 SAN JULIAN ST. \$5. a month.

TO LET—BUSINESS CARDS. \$1 PER PERSON, other printing in proportion. PACIFIC PRINTING PLANT, 217 New High, Tel. 1400.

TO LET—BEAUTIFUL, NEWLY-FURNISHED sunny rooms, facing Broadway, 261 W. SEVENTH ST., N.W. cor. Broad way.

TO LET—CALL AND SEE THOSE ELEGANT, furnished rooms and bath also 2 rooms for housekeeping, at 217 S. HILL. No children. 17.

TO LET—UNFURNISHED, 3 NICE ROOMS, with mantel, front hall, closet, pantries and bath, at 1025 Q. ST. near Pasadena. 17.

TO LET—ATTRACTIVE HOME, 6 CO. BROADWAY, 1000 sq. ft. for board and room. 17.

TO LET—FURNISHED SINGLE ROOMS AND BOARD; 1000 sq. ft. for board and room. 17.

TO LET—COMPLETE FOR HOUSEKEEPING, 2 rooms on ground floor to parties without children. 550 S. PEARL.

TO LET—ATTRACTIVE HOME, BOARD, bath, lawn, garden, wash. 17.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR IN SUITE, WITH BOARD; private privilege. 17.

TO LET—LET COMPLETELY FOR HOUSEKEEPING, sunny rooms for housekeeping. 400 E. Fifth st., "SAN JULIAN." 17.

TO LET—PLEASANT SUNNY SUITE, privileges of room, bath, also single room, 207 W. SEVENTH ST.

TO LET—LARGE SUNNY ROOM, FRONTING on Hill st., in private residence, nicely furnished. 655 S. PEARL.

TO LET—NICELY FURNISHED SLEEPING rooms; housekeeping, very reasonable. 17.

TO LET—1970 BONSAI ALVARO, 2 OR 3 large, sunny rooms, unfurnished, for light housekeeping; no children. 17.

TO LET—LARGE NICELY FURNISHED sunroom, 1200 sq. ft. for 2; centrally located. 908 BROADWAY.

TO LET—A SUITE OF 2 ROOMS, NICELY furnished for light housekeeping. OLIVE FLATS, 231 E. First.

TO LET—THE NEW OCCIDENTAL, 500 S. First st., 2nd fl., for owner, room 10, 137 S. Broadway.

TO LET—ELEGANT ROOMS AND BOARD; horse and carriage furnished. Address K, box 11, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—3 OR 4 ROOMS, FURNISHED; light housekeeping if desired; very desirable. 16 S. SEVENTH ST.

TO LET—ROOMS FOR FAMILIES OR SING. per. 500 S. BROADWAY. Tel. 1400.

TO LET—MISS VACY STEER CURES DANDRUFF has invigorated; corns and bunions removed without pain. 308 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—YOUNG LADY, STORE WORK. wanted—YOUNG LADY, STORE WORK. Address 405 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—3 OR 4 NICE FURNISHED OR unfurnished rooms for housekeeping. 612 S. LOS ANGELES ST.

TO LET—NICE SUNNY, FURNISHED ROOMS; 20 children. 636 S. GRAND AVE. 14.

TO LET—Rooms.

TO LET—DESIRABLE UNFURNISHED room or rooms or for family use. 100 W. SEVENTH ST.

TO LET—FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED rooms, morning sun; beautiful grounds. 633 S. SPRING ST.

TO LET—FIVE ELEGANT, UNFURNISHED rooms, with range, bath, gas, water. 717 Temple st.

TO LET—2 DESIRABLE, FURNISHED housekeeping rooms; one or two adults. 155 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—SUNNY FRONT BAY WINDOW room, nicely furnished, with grate. 718 S. GRAND AVE.

TO LET—TWO UNFURNISHED ROOMS, room 410 E. FOURTH ST.; no children. 17.

TO LET—NEW ROOMS, FURNISHED; pleasant and convenient to business. 229 N. BROADWAY.

TO LET—TWO OR THREE FURNISHED ROOMS, housekeeping, no children. 98 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—FURNISHED SUNNY FRONT room with sleeve, suitable for 2. 912 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, SINGLE OR SUITE, WITH HOUSEKEEPING. 214 W. SIXTH ST.

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TO LET—3 FRONT SUNNY ROOMS, WITH BOARD; private family. 367 S. BROADWAY.

TO LET—A NICELY FURNISHED FRONT room; young men preferred. 348 S. HILL, 17.

TO LET—FURNISHED ROOMS, FRONT 7 TO \$10 per month; no children. 624 TEMPLE ST.

TO LET—A SUNNY FURNISHED DAY ROOM, 1000 sq. ft. for 2 persons. Address J. box 24, TIMES OFFICE.

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED ROOMS IN CITY, block of Figueroa on 15th st.; close to bath, etc. cheap to young gentleman. Call 623 S. 13th ST.

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TO LET—NEATLY FURNISHED ROOMS, 412 S. HILL ST.

TO LET—NICE FURNISHED ROOMS, 412

VENEZUELA.

ASPHALT CUTTING AND GOLD MINING IN THAT COUNTRY.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)
THE SERPENT'S MOUTH, Orinoco River (Venezuela), Oct. 10, 1885.—Of course the people of the United States are interested in the region which is causing the war rumors created by the sudden revival of the doctrines of that apostle of Americanism, Mr. Monroe.

A side-whiskered diplomat of the British Governor-General's office at Georgetown told me a few weeks ago, "Bah, the Monroe doctrine you Americans talk so much about has been dead years ago, and the British navy will not bury it, don't you know?" and then recited of a saucy American shipman, who stood by, may be quoted: "You English gentlemen better be careful or the ghost of Monroe will scare the life out of some of you, when you see the White Squadron give a picnic in these waters."

To be able to get at the ground floor of the reasons inducing the English government to endanger the good understanding between them and the United States, it is necessary to know that the region now held by the Manoa and Orinoco companies, and comprising about fourteen million acres of land, is considered the most valuable in South America.

We took a passenger steamer to a village called Barrancas, to visit the asphalt beds there. Notwithstanding the steamer flew the Venezuelan flag, it was owned and managed by Americans—hull and machinery were built at Wilmington, Del.; they have an absolute monopoly, receive no subsidy, and the passenger fares and tariff for freight are very high. The people of the Orinoco Steamship Line are not in South America for their health to any extent. Their ships look like the boats plying up the Mississippi, but their internal arrangements are very different. They have painted canvas, not carpets, upon their decks, the saloon is bare furnished with plain, durable and bedecked; the gambling feature is absent, but their necessary department is varied and plentiful in character.

Staterooms have an inner and outer door, with a very large window, and equipped with clean furniture, and fleas, of course. Forward on the main deck are second-class passengers, and aft, cattle and merchandise. They draw eight feet of water, are paddle-wheel, and range from four to sixteen tons burden.

Before we landed we observed a very strong but not unpleasant smell of pitch in the air, and standing upon the beach we find it covered with great heaps of asphalt blocks.

Traveling road seventy-five feet in width, cutters on each side, made of bitumen blocks in a conveyance looking somewhat like a dilapidated grocery-wagon, propelled by a Venezuela tandem—two miles and a horse—is exhilarating, and when you arrive at the asphalt lake you believe you have struck the edge of Dante's inferno, or the witches' cauldron, and the song—

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble,"

is listened for.

We stand on the shore of a great bottomless bed of asphaltum, a mile in diameter, hard and cold on its edges but boiling like water in a teakettle toward the middle.

Gas-burners of a brown and black substance like truncheons are separated from each other by streams of water, some a foot, some a hundred feet wide. In examining those streams with a walking-stick we find them of variable depth, from a few inches to several feet, and observe in the watercourses small fish swimming around. They are about three inches long, and look like the California smelt. They must be warm-blooded creatures, and not object to sulphur and bitumen.

With large scoops the stuff is taken from the edge of this bed and deposited on shore, where in a few moments it may be kneaded into balls like putty, and in about three hours is cut into square blocks for pickers to contain at first, a small smell, as of coal-gas, but neither soils the hands nor leaves any odor. It reminds tourists of the lava-flowers on Mt. Etna. It becomes very hard and yet brittle, is full of longitudinal air-holes, and all the inhabitants of the village are employed in scooping, cutting, and bringing the stuff to the village, there melting and packing it in barrels, for transportation to all parts of the world.

Again on board, we passed several Indian villages, composed of small groups of houses, consisting merely of grass roofs and wooden poles open on all sides, and disclosing numbers of hammocks, each containing a nude Indian. Those Indians have strong, stout bodies, broad, good-tempered physiognomies, with their hair "bushy" like a summer girl. They cultivate small fields of manioc, and bananas a little, and chew sugarcanes the remainder of the time.

We stopped at night at a little town called Las Tablas, and the following morning steamed some hundred miles up the Caroni River, to have a look at the celebrated gold mine, El Callao; and then we were in the neighborhood of the rich quartz-gold-bearing reefs of Venezuela, and understood why Johnny Bull is so anxious to gobble up this territory.

For years this one mine has produced on an average \$24 per ton, and the total amount of gold received one year has never been less than ninety thousand ounces, valued at about \$1,500,000. This is the milk in the Venezuela cocoanut, and the British lion relishes this kind of food.

Every language of Europe is spoken by the white miners employed, and natives, Chinamen, negroes, etc., create a babel of sounds impossible to describe.

In the amalgamation-rooms and at the stakes native women are engaged at the lighter work, and the great storehouse of the company, covering over an acre of ground, and containing every possible article needed in works of civilization, is given over to machinery, is in charge of a Buffalo, N. Y. lady, young in appearance, light of weight, but, so the manager says blessed with a business capacity marvellous to behold. With a gentle voice accompanied by a sweet smile, she rules the three-score burly natives under her charge as with a rod of steel, and for the last two years that department has run with a smoothness unsurpassable.

Mining is done here in about the same manner as in California, but our descent into the mine was somewhat unique, nevertheless. Dressed in the much-used clothing of native workmen, with a hat made of very stout felt, ornamented with a small lump of soft clay, on which a candle was stuck, we entered an iron cage, and down the brigand-looking quattre went into a

vertical shaft, bored to a depth of 1450 feet.

The elevator boy, black as the ace of spades, was clothed with an oiled rag around his loins and a perpetual grin on his face. Something was said to him by the manager in a patois none of us understood, and the velocity with which we dropped to the bottom of the mine was seemingly enjoyed by him, if not us.

From the bottom of the shaft the main gallery, with double track for the cars, runs off to near the present end of the mine, but several feet above it. Here there is a small engine to raise the ore from another level, where the workmen are drilling holes, picking ore, etc., and the visitor is startled and alarmed by a variety of continuous rumblings and reverberations.

The call of the men to each, the commands of the bosses, the blasts in remote and smaller galleries, combined with the miners' lights, which dart about like many jack-o'-lanterns, the heavy blows of their sledges, etc., require but little stretch of imagination to make a tourist believe he is in the provinces of "the high capital of Satan and his peers."

Dynamite is used for blasts, ninety pounds a day being required, and fifteen charges were fired as we stood there, and the various report of crashes as of the heaviest artillery, the ground shaking beneath our feet, while the whole mine appeared to be rocking, made us rejoice when the trip was at an end, and the grin of the elevator boy looked like the smile of an archangel on our return to terra firma.

The miners seemed a contented, joyful set of men; their naked bodies showed superb muscular development, yet that scourge of mining, consumption, decimates them here as elsewhere.

That evening about three hundred of the natives, men and women, came to the manager's mansion to entertain us with some of their dancing and music on the lawn, bordered with rare orchids, fruit trees and flowers in endless profusion.

They were dressed in their finest, and the musical instruments they brought were guitars, flageolets, triangles, bells and tom-toms, like those used in Western Africa, to whose accompaniment they sang, sometimes with a solo and chorus, sometimes all in concert. The dancing was very strange and amusing, the performers, filled with enthusiasm and excitement, and skipping about with an energy which made music, clapping, laughing and shouting, a picture of pandemonium never to be forgotten.

They seem a contented, happy, peaceful people, and they are faithful and honest, so the manager said.

There is considerable excitement among the white inhabitants of this region as to the outcome of the boundary question. From the best sources the story comes that since Lord Kimberley's answer to Mr. Bayard, setting forth England's position, an American syndicate has secured large concessions from Venezuela of land in the disputed territory and close to the south bank of the Orinoco, so situated that if the Americans enforce their concession, they will have the support of the United States in their dispute with the United Kingdom.

Those who are familiar with the affairs of American companies here assert that men are already on the way to take possession of the properties, and there seems to be music of fife and drum in the air.

ALBERTO CORLETT.

LITTLE COTTON PICKERS.

A GRAND HARVESTING SEASON FOR SOUTHERN CHILDREN.

Boys and Girls of All Ages and Colors Work in the Cotton Fields from September Until Christmas, Earning Stray Pennies.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

BY OLIVE T. GUNBY.

EVERY boy, large and small, white and black, and every girl, too, who lives in the country at the South, looks forward to cotton-picking time as her own peculiar harvest. "How did you get your gun, Jack?" may be asked of the twelve-year-old youth who exhibits his first possession in the way of firearms, and invariably the answer will be: "I made the money by picking cotton."

FRUITS OF THEIR TOIL.

A wagon is sent to town from every plantation some time on Saturday for supplies. In the cotton-picking season when that wagon returns, bevy of pickaninnies surround the driver, almost before he has time to draw, and so eager are they to get hold of the articles he was commissioned to buy for them.

In the pockets of his workday coat bring with brown paper parcels, and a good many sugarcanes, and the like loose in the bottom of the wagon.

"It was a quarter for your knife, Jimbo," he calls, tossing that coveted treasure to the uplifted hands held out to catch it. "And here's de calico for you, and body. Kissmunk, I give 30 cents for four yards."

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WEIGHING THEIR BAGS.

When the pickers come in out of the fields at sunset to have their day's picking weighed, "things have been weighed," as the women expresses it; that is, so far as the men and women are concerned who are anxious to go home. The children sit content on the platform of the cotton-houses, swing their feet, crunch sugarcanes and speculate as to how many pounds they have picked or might, could, should pick under different circumstances.

"You reckon you's got twenty-five pounds sen' ter?" they shout to a little midget of a boy who struggles up with his day's gleanings balanced on his head, a tin basket on his arm, and a tiny toddler of two years trudging manfully at his heels.

"Maybe it's pushin' it close," this small picker answers, and, depositing his cotton on the platform, he lifts the baby-brother to a seat along with the rest, and the burden of responsibility immediately challenges a boy to "wristle" with him, while they are waiting for their money.

SUITED TO CHILDREN.

The cotton-picking business is one enterprise in which big and little, young and old, have an equal chance. Fifty or 60 cents is paid for each hundred pounds whether it be picked by small or big fingers. The cotton plant seldom grows tall. Big people have to bend their backs to gather the lower

WHEN OTHERS HAVE FAILED TO CURE YOU

Then Consult the English and German Specialists.

Their Staff is Composed of Physicians Who are Experts in Their Specialties.

Do Not Give Up Hope Until You Have Consulted with Them.

When persons who have been treated and have not cured by the English and German Specialists give their written testimony of such cures it is good evidence that these eminent specialists do just what they say. The names and addresses of these patients who have been cured are given, with an invitation to go and see them or write to them. If you have not been made well, there can remain no possible cause for doubt about the cure the English and German Specialists have made and are making daily.

Here is a case of catarrh from which Mrs. Brown suffered for five years, and she is now well. Read what she says:

MRS. W. R. BROWN.

The English and German Specialists:

I have had catarrh with dropping in the throat for five years, and I have been affected by it in various parts of my body. These diseases have caused a nervous trouble which made my arms to twitch whenever I raised them. I had not my taste for food, and I was apt to be weary after taking your treatment of four weeks. I am cured of the catarrh and the tickling in my throat, and the taste of food is now good. My hay fever is gone and I feel so much better that I am glad to endorse your treatment.

Yours gratefully, MRS. W. R. BROWN,
No. 435 South Workman street.

To the English and German Specialists:

For the last three years I have had catarrh of the head and stomach, so much so, at times, I could not work. After taking your treatment for less than a month my stomach is better, and my catarrh does not bother me in the least. You have done more for me than any doctor ever has been able to do. Your treatment reached directly to the diseased part.

JAS. MURPHY,
50 Court St.

THEIR GREAT SUCCESS.

The great success of the English and German Specialists in the treatment and cure of chronic diseases which have been protracted for years is due to the fact that they have a specialist for each class of disease and because their specialists having concentrated their life's study on a single class of disease, they understand how to treat those diseases better than a doctor who attempts to treat all diseases.

THE STAFF.

of the English and German Specialists comprise the following physicians, who are graduates of the best Medical Colleges, and are specialists in the diseases which they treat: Dr. P. Jaus, Dr. H. C. Meyer, Dr. F. Palmer, Dr. Price and Dr. C. N. Hopkins, these specialists.

One treats catarrh, bronchial affections, asthma, lung trouble, etc.

Another treats private and nervous diseases of men and women, and chronic diseases.

Another treats diseases of the stomach, liver, kidneys, removes tumors and cures kidney and bladder troubles.

Another treats diseases of the blood and circulation, including heart disease.

They perform all operations and treat cases of deformities such as spinal trouble, rickets, hip-joint diseases, removes goitre, asthala, piles, rupture and cancer.

DR. PRICE, of the English and German Staff, will continue his \$3.00 a month treatment for Catarrh and Bronchial Troubles, including all diseases.

If you are doubtful, if you have tried many doctors and are not better, if you are almost discouraged, go to the English and German Specialists and let them treat you. For this consultation they charge nothing and their specialists in your disease will tell you frankly what they can do for you, and convince you that every word they say is good and true. Con-

sultation always free.

The English and German Specialists,

Byrne Building, Cor. Third and Broadway. Take elevator.

balls. Little people are on a level with them, or perhaps have to reach up a little to the highest tufts. In cotton picking strength does not count, but nimbleness does, so the small folks have the best chance.

These children are poor the money earned by the children in cotton-picking has to go to the household fund, but energetic little ones work on half-holidays, or during noon time, or on moonlight nights, and make extra money enough to purchase some long-waited article.

It takes of unceasing industry in a field or patch of cotton where the bolls are thickly opened, to gather a hundred pounds. A hundred pounds is regarded as a good day's work for an adult person. Instances are known where men and women have picked daily 300 pounds, but they are exceptionally expert and the field in which they are picking must be unusually well opened. Two hundred pounds a day is as much as any wide-awake boy or girl can reasonably hope to accomplish in a day.

DIVING IN COTTON.

Going to the gin-house on top of a wagon-load of newly-gathered cotton is great fun for the youngsters. The wagon has scarcely drawn up in front of the gin-house before every boy passenger has made a bee-line for the lint room, there to dive and romp to his heart's content.

"I fetch dis fur de crowd," exclaims the burly driver, leaping down from his perch, and the scamps striped mint candy among his dusky constituents, and turns away to take out his mules, the happier for having made so many small folks happy.

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part of white wool on the kinky locks of their kinky friends.

Cotton is sticking to every portion of their clothing, and even adhering to their eye brows.

It is during the first weeks of September that the gins begin to take cotton-picking bags, bags good and strong, and made so that they can be slung across the shoulders. These bags seldom survive more than a season's use, and to a pickaninnie whose resources are limited an available bag is a valuable possession.

A BABY PICKER.

The baby pickaninnies are carried into the fields when the family are at work, there being no one at the cabin to take care of them.

One day to fall a little mite, too, was established as usual on an old shawl spread out on the ground at one end of a cotton row.

Sometimes the pickers would notice the little fellow and speak to him when they would all be picking at the other end of the field the baby was lonely, and he would cry a little plaintively all to himself, and his big sister came to look after him and found him standing up by a cotton stalk, holding fast with one hand, while he reached out for an open boll just beyond, his face a study of earnestness.

To get a hold on these rafters and jumbos heading down into the yielding mass below is ecstasy, and again and again the boys dive and plunge, disappearing from view in one corner of the room, only to bob up unexpectedly in another. Finally, exhausted and out of breath, they enter into the cotton house, and then what comical figures they are! Veritable snow men, every one of them. There are wreaths of white film on the heads of the white boys, and

IN ELECTRICITY.

CHRONOGRAPH FOR STREET RAILWAYS—ELECTRIC INCUBATOR.

Electric Transatlantic Ships—Photography by Electric Light—Tadpoles Under Electric Light—New Use for the Telephone.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 9, 1895.—The running of street car from the time it leaves the terminal shed to its return is generally supposed to be dependent entirely on the motorman and the conductor. Few people know what the car is doing all the time is known to the superintendent in the central office. He has had to construct a chronograph, and has immediately arranged whether the cars are running regularly or irregularly; whether there is a stoppage at any point; how long the stoppage lasts; how many cars were blocked, and when the trouble is removed and the road begins operation again. This chronograph constitutes a sort of living map of the road, by means of which the superintendent can take bird's-eye view of the whole operation of the line. If there is a bad break he can send instructions to fill the exact place, and the irregularity in the running time without good cause, he can check it, and, if necessary, trace the exact car which is being responsible for the deviation from schedule time. The manner in which all this information is obtained is really extraordinary. The chronograph consists primarily of a sheet of paper moving at a uniform rate under a series of pens or points, operated by magnets. Each magnet point represents a point on the road, and each car has a pen which rests on the road. It makes contact and the magnet point on the chronograph makes a prick mark on the paper. On the frame of the instrument is mounted a back roller to hold a supply of paper, the front roller is the one which holds the record, the top roller holding the magnet point, and the top roller, which gives the time movement to the sheet. This top roller is a series of grooved wheels, one for each magnet point. The importance of this part of the service is obvious, since the movement of the sheet must be absolutely accurate, or there will be inaccuracy in the time record. This roller is actuated at the rate of one revolution an hour by a powerful clock movement. This gives the paper four inches of movement in the hour, or one inch for every fifteen minutes. A line running on a one-minute schedule will, therefore, show fifteen cars or prick marks to the inch, a five-minute schedule three to the inch, and so on. A break of two inches would denote a stoppage of forty minutes at that point. When the superintendent sees a regular, unbroken showing of points on the record, he knows that the cars are all doing their full work. The record sheets are dated, and filed for reference, and in offices where the chronograph is installed, the superintendent can instantly tell how the cars worked on any day in the twenty-four months.

ELECTRIC TRANSATLANTIC SHIPS.

Ten years ago, a well-known professor of electrical engineering in a leading American college, who had tested almost every form of the storage-battery then made, was asked whether he saw any future for the accumulator. His reply was: "The more I see of storage batteries the more I am convinced that they are impractical, and that they can never be made commercially valuable." Today the battery is working its way into almost every branch of electrical work, and if certain promises which recent improvements in construction seem to give, are fulfilled, it is on the eve of its crowning triumph. It is to be the principal motive-power for the commercial propulsion of street-cars. Many electrical engineers have just as little faith in the possibility of driving ships across the Atlantic by electricity as the college professor did, as to the future of the storage battery; but on the other hand inventions are now being perfected which will effect an extraordinary and almost incredible revolution in ship-propulsion, and those who know what is being done in this field, which is not yet made public, are led to believe that to name ten years ago the period within which electric ships will cross the Atlantic is to allow a liberal margin. This is to allow a liberal margin. This will probably be effected by machines giving an enormous economy of power, but there is already talk of carrying out the idea with existing appliances. A. S. Hickley, a pioneer in American electric launch construction holds the reason vessels crossing the Atlantic make such comparatively slow time as that they cannot drive their propellers fast enough with the amount of power behind them without shaking the boat to pieces. He proposes to put in an ocean ship a powerful engine, say, a compound condensing engine of slow speed type, connected directly to a multipolar generator, giving, say, 500 volts alternating current, to drive the propellers. These can easily be made to run from 600 to 900 revolutions per minute, whereas the engine is probably making only 60 to 80. In this way not only would there be a considerable acceleration of speed, but the vibration of the ship would be almost entirely prevented, and the danger of propellers being broken out of the water of the propellers in rough weather would not affect the main-engine and jar the vessel from stern to stern as it now does.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

One of the drawbacks which has militated against the success of the arc light in photography is the difficulty of neutralizing the harshness of contrast in the lights and shadows. With the use of the incandescent lamp, this difficulty has been overcome, and the manipulation of units of light has become so much improved as to virtually inaugurate a new system of photography. A demonstration of a new apparatus for this purpose has been given in Edinburgh. The invention consists of a series of twenty incandescent lamps of incandescent lamps which are arranged around the inner edge of an umbrella frame, which is covered with white silk. This frame is fastened by a universal joint to a beam like that of a steel yard, which runs on rails suspended from the roof, and has also a universal joint, so that with a touch of the hand the lights can be run from one end of the studio to the other, and adjusted any angle. The light is under perfect control, and the switching devices are so arranged that any candle-power up to 2000 can instantly be turned on. In the negatives which were taken by way of reflecting the method of shadows were in some cases further toned down by adjusting silk screens between the light and the sitter. The finished pictures were as soft and delicate as any daylight photographs.

AN ELECTRIC INCUBATOR.

The idea of an electric incubator has long been looked upon by poultry farmers as too theoretical to be of any real service. Herr Otto Schulze, who has been steadily striving to perfect such a system, in Germany, has, it is said, at length succeeded in constructing an apparatus which operates electrically, which overcomes the difficulties of the artificial hatching of chickens. The apparatus is easily manipulated, and needs a small but constant supply of

current. Automatic attachments regulate both temperature and moisture, the adjustment working with such delicacy that a temperature within one-tenth of a degree of the normal heat of incubation. From ninety to one hundred eggs are hatched at one time. Herr Schulze is said to have made certain points in the "electric mothers" which were found to interfere with its effectiveness. This contrivance, which is a box in which the freshly-hatched chicks can find heat and protection while they are free to run about on the ground when they choose, has been devised as an accompaniment to the incubator.

TADPOLES UNDER ELECTRIC TREATMENT.

Dr. A. D. Waller has shown an interesting and important effect of the electrical current on animal life by his series of curious experiments on tadpoles. A cell fitted with suitable electrodes and filled with water, in which one or more tadpoles were placed, was traversed by an electric current. When the current passed from the tail to the head, the tadpole made no sign, remaining perfectly quiet. A second, however, as the current was turned in the opposite direction, the tadpole would waggle his tail vigorously. A large trough in which a number of tadpoles were swimming about in all directions was also connected up to the battery. When the switch was turned on there was a slight commotion, the tadpoles pausing for a few moments, but finally the whole of them came to rest with heads and tails lying in line with the direction of the current.

NEW USE FOR THE TELEPHONE.

The telephone has already been used in a few isolated cases for the transmission of weather warnings, but the movement now on foot in Baltimore is of importance as foreshadowing the extended systems of telephones for warning throughout the country. Observer Marbury, who is in charge of the Baltimore Weather Bureau, is making arrangements with a local telephone company whereby all the telephones in the city will be automatically informed of any decided change in the weather as soon as the observer himself is notified by the chief observer in Washington. By this means the approach of a cold wave or any sudden change in the weather will be made known throughout the city and surroundings wherever a telephone line extends. The proposed arrangement includes the warning of each subscriber by the central operators as soon as the weather notification is received from Washington. This is intended to implement the already effective system of meteorological information adopted in Baltimore. A large number of weather bulletins or brief forecasts are sent out each day from the Weather Bureau, which is located in the city hall, and many places outside. A copy is also forwarded to each public school in the city, to be hung up in a conspicuous place. The schools of the higher grades are also to be supplied with copies of the weather map issued each day, so that it may be advantageously used in connection with the study of physical geography.

ELECTRIC CRANES IN WOOD-STACKING.

A London firm of wood merchants, finding that manual labor in its bearing on fire insurance, are using the electric crane for stacking their timber. The crane lifts loads of logs, a single log six feet long, by means of levers for different positions can be imparted. The crane is worked by a dynamo which is used in the evenings for the lighting of the works and offices. These innovations are already effecting considerable savings in labor, so that the workmen may have no grievance at the introduction of the apparatus, one-half of the difference in the cost of stacking the wood is handed over to them.

PERSONALS.

V. H. Kregehaler and family of Atlanta, Ga., are at the Nadeau.

Miss L. Kendall of San Diego is among the Hollenbeck guests.

H. P. Knight of the Paxton Hotel, Omaha, Neb., is at the Ramona.

J. R. Newberry will leave today for New York, to be gone for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Post of Stockton are registered at the Hollenbeck.

Solomon Shuttles and wife of Princeton, Ill., are visiting relatives in this city.

Mrs. C. Dosch, who has been in New York city for three months on business, returned Friday last.

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XXIVth YEAR

FAMOUS FUNNY FELLOWS.

NEW STORIES ABOUT MARK TWAIN, BILL NYE AND JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Unappreciative Fathers of Appreciated Sons—Stories of Mark Twain's Boyhood—How James Whitcomb Riley Got a Whipping—Bill Nye's Big Check Which Paid His Father's Mortgage.

Riley and His Lectures—Mark Twain and His Tour Round the World—A Chat With Him About Book Writing and the True Story of the "Innocents Abroad."

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, November 9, 1895.—

Eugene Field dead!

Mark Twain ruined!

Bill Nye overworked!

These are recent items of news about men whose wit and pathos have made the world most laugh and cry during the past decade. The story of the lives of funny men is often full of sadness. It requires hard knocks to develop the genius of such souls, and behind the poetry and the humor may be found the trouble and the heart-breaking which has enabled them to know the human heart, and by their pens to play the saddest, and the merriest of strains upon its strings. How few geniuses appreciated when they were young! Eugene Field's father was a celebrated lawyer, but he evidently had no idea of the literary ability of his son. The boy, almost spoiled by the fortune left him, drifted into newspaper work, and thence, step by step, climbed into the literary niche which he will now hold in American history. Mark Twain's

back some day, some way; but to the rest it was settled with the phrase 'I told you so.' I don't think my father ever understood me. I shall never forget one thing which estranged me from him.

"It was when I was quite a little fellow. We were just commencing a new reader, and, as usual, I had finished it before the class had read ten lessons. There were several pieces of poetry in the book, and one of these I read over and over again. It was very pathetic. The teacher had a cry for it to read it. At last the class came to it. The day we were to read it I sat in my seat and figured out just what verses I would have to read. I knew where I stood in the class, you know. Well, I saw that I would have to read those verses when I had finished reading the poem. I slipped before the class without crying, and I wasn't going to bawl in public. There was only one way out of it, and that was to run away. Just before the class was called, and while the teacher's back was turned, I slipped out. I had hardly left the schoolhouse before I met my father. He asked me



JOHN T. RAYMOND AND MARK TWAIN.

not much grieving. The rest of the family, master-of-fact people, were doing well, and two of the boys, who, like Riley's arithmetical brothers, knew some of the fun, had gone to Minneapolis to practice law. Bill Nye had gone as far as Wyoming before he stopped. He made a reputation there in connection with the Laramie Boomerang, and then came East and increased it. He never grew more than the salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of his newspaper work alone, and his lecture business is equal to the interest on a good-sized fortune. He has almost entirely recovered his health, which had been temporarily deranged by overwork, and with a few care he will come out all right. He is, at any rate, practically independent. His

the English classics. He is very fond of Longfellow, and one of his greatest favorites is Robert Burns.

MARK TWAIN'S TOUR.

The real secret of Mark Twain's tour around the world is the publication of a new book of travels. His lecturing will pay his expenses and will net him a small sum, but in all probability not enough to pay his debts. A new book of travels will bring him tens of thousands of dollars, and it will have a sale all over the world. Mark Twain's experience in book publishing has given him a knowledge of what sells best, and he has no fear of travel. Not long ago I called upon him at Hartford to get his advice as to a book of

the time writing letters for the San Francisco newspapers and adding to his income by a salary of \$6 a day as a clerk of one of the committees of the United States Senate. Senator Stewart, the famous advocate of the silver question, was the chairman of the committee, and he gave Clemens the job in order that he might have the time to write his book. There was little work connected with the committee, and Senator Stewart hired a man at \$100 per month to do the work. He had seen Clemens' notes of his trip with that party of pilgrims who went through the Holy Land and was satisfied with his work, but the book would be a success. However hard a worker he may have become afterward, Mark Twain at this time liked to loaf as well as write, and it was all that Senator Stewart and his friends could do to get him at his work. After he got started, however, he kept it up like a steam engine. He wrote from noon till midnight every day, and he finished the book in two days. He had a great deal of trouble with his own hands, and he had no stenographer or typewriter to help him along. This is the way he does most of his work, and when he has a book on hand he makes it a principle to stick to it until he gets through writing a certain amount every day. He was very particular in the composition of "The Innocents Abroad," and he tore up many a chapter before he got the number into the shape in which it was published. He wrote the book in a little back room on F street, in a part of the city which has since been given up to business, and a man who knew him at the time tells me that Mark Twain had, about the dirtiest room he ever saw.

"It was heated," said he, "by a little

drum stove, which was full of ashes, and out of which a great dust came whenever a coal was thrown into it. The room was sour with tobacco smoke and cigar smoke, and a scat over the carpet. The floor was attired with newspaper clippings, and Mark Twain, with his coat and vest off, worked away at the book in the midst of the muss. He seldom stooped work before midnight. He would sit until nearly morning reading, smoking and singing. The success of the work was a great surprise to him, and he proudly wrote one of his friends shortly after it was published that it had taken thirty tons of paper to print it. He has never over met of the ground which is described in the book, and it is true to the life. It is far more accurate than many of the guide books, and Mr. Clemens must have made very full notes in the midst of the scenes which he describes.

Books which followed paid him

much better, as far as royalty was con-

cerned, and the royalties which he re-

ceived from the dramatization of his

stories have been considerable. "The

Gilded Age," in which John T. Ray-

mond and Col. Muller are especially

profitable. In connection with the I

saw the other day an oil painting with

Raymond and Twain standing together

shaking hands with each other. The

painting was framed in the refuse pulp

paper which came from the scrapping up

of the old manuscripts by the Treasury

Department. On a brass plate below it

were printed the words which so often

came from Col. Seller's mouth, "Mark

Twain, as a rule, the most of

the money out of a book, and he

said he got a royalty of only 5 per

cent. on 'The Innocents Abroad,' or

from 1 to 25 cents a book for

the check for \$2500. He signed it in such big letters that it almost covered the face of the check, and wrote his name in full Edgar Wilson Nye. This he sent to his father and told him to pay on the signature and as he did so, and down in his soul, I venture he said to himself: 'Well, I guess they'll think something now of the sickly little cuss whom they thought they would have to support who didn't know figures, and who had to go west to make his fortune.'

RILEY ON LECTURING.

I see it stated that James Whitcomb Riley is to go on a lecture platform again this winter. If this is true, he has changed his mind during the last few months. At Indianapolis I was told that the best way to make James Whitcomb Riley angry, was to mention the word "lecture," and that he has given up his work up to good. A close friend of mine, who has much to do with his legal business, told me how

this kind. In answer, he drawled out the following:

"There is—only—one-kind-of—a-book—that-will-sell-better-than-a-book—that-travels—and—that's-a-pious-book."

He then went on to tell me something about his own experiences in travel work, and gave me a far different story as to some of them than that generally believed. He told me that he had sold his books to the authors, made, as a rule, the most of the money out of a book, and he said he got a royalty of only 5 per cent. on "The Innocents Abroad," or from 1 to 25 cents a book for the check for \$2500. He signed it in such big letters that it almost covered the face of the check, and wrote his name in full Edgar Wilson Nye. This he sent to his father and told him to pay on the signature and as he did so, and down in his soul, I venture he said to himself: 'Well, I guess they'll think something now of the sickly little cuss whom they thought they would have to support who didn't know figures, and who had to go west to make his fortune.'

One hundred and twenty-five thousand copies of "The Innocents Abroad" were published, and the Hartford Publishing Company, which issued it, made more than \$100,000 out of it. I doubt whether Mark Twain got \$25,000, and it was probably through his desire to remedy such an unjust division of the profits that he went into the publishing



BILL NYE'S BIG CHECK.

Riley recently received a big lecture offer from New York. A manager there wrote, offering him \$1000 for four lectures, and he accepted the offer and promptly declined, and he said at the time that the knowledge that he could afford to refuse an offer of that kind made him happy. He has been making a great deal of money out of his books of late, and his income is higher than that of Congressmen. He is not an extravagant man, and he lives quietly in Indianapolis with his brother-in-law, who, by the way, has a good deal to do in the management of his business. He reads a great deal, and during the past two years has been devoting himself to the study of law.

HOW "THE INNOCENTS ABROAD" WAS WRITTEN.

It was here in Washington that "The Innocents Abroad" was written. It was away back in 1862, when Mark Twain was 22 years old. He was at

the time writing letters for the San

Francisco newspapers and adding to his income by a salary of \$6 a day as a clerk of one of the committees of the United States Senate. Senator Stewart, the famous advocate of the silver question, was the chairman of the committee, and he gave Clemens the job in order that he might have the time to write his book. There was little work connected with the committee, and Senator Stewart hired a man at \$100 per month to do the work. He had seen Clemens' notes of his trip with that party of pilgrims who went through the Holy Land and was satisfied with his work, but the book would be a success. However hard a worker he may have become afterward, Mark Twain at this time liked to loaf as well as write, and it was all that Senator Stewart and his friends could do to get him at his work.

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Twain, with his coat and vest off,

worked away at the book in the midst

of the muss. He seldom stooped work

before midnight. He would sit until

nearly morning reading, smoking and

singing. The success of the work was

a great surprise to him, and he proudly

wrote one of his friends shortly after

it was published that it had taken

thirty tons of paper to print it.

He was very much gratified by the

success of his book, and he said to his

friends: "I have got a book that

will sell."

He then went on to tell me something

about his own experiences in travel

work, and gave me a far different

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plying: "Yes, this complex coalescence, this incoherent yet mosaic condition of one's brain cells, has its parallel, mirrored more deliciously in its mental aspect when considered in connection with the uncomfortably necessary grosser senses."

"Devvy, would you mind pausing a stretch while I drop into this Buch-handlung and see if they happen to have a second-hand edition of 'The Quotidian Dictionary?' I quite agree with you, but I fail somewhat of course. If you are trying with your block-system style of language to simply convey to me that your opinion is the same way, only more so, in the matter of eating and drinking, you can

out, when he espied a drop-ten-pfennig-in-the-slot weighing-machine. Here was an opportunity for finding whether his jail diet had reduced his flesh. So he stood on the scales, dropped in the 10-pfennig pieces, and the indicator new around and stopped at seventy.

Mr. Boggs stamped his feet on the platform. His eyes blazing with anger he turned round to the cigarman.

"This thing is a fraud! It won't go any further."

"Pahsophs it has far enough gone."

"Now don't get funny with me. You give me my money back, or I'll bust the stuffing out of this machine. I don't care any more for 10 pfennigs than

about the bank at Magdeburg, where the English-speaking young man behind the counter greeted me with, "Well, what's the matter with you?" He was laboring under the impression that he was using a very elegant greeting, and was probably looked up to by many of his fellow-bank clerks as a superior linguist. *

I caught Boggs just now in the act of writing a letter to a friend in Brooklyn thus: "Berlin-on-the-Bum."

The authorities 'll get after him again, if he doesn't look out.

CHARLES LEDERER.

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THE CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

take it for granted that I quite agree with you."

I know what De Ville wanted to say, and I simply shut him off. It was more than the instinct of节省ness becomes even more noticeable in the matter of restaurants. After a sojourn of a couple of weeks in Berlin it makes little difference where one eats and drinks. Everything begins to taste alike, like the soups at an American railway station eating-house. It doesn't matter much in a fortnight where one goes. It's the same old saucy feeling, whether the place is one of those stunningly-gotten-up resorts Unter den Linden, with gilt and many-colored stuccoed ceilings and frescoed, picture-hung walls, with a profusion of costly plate and immaculately-attired waiters, or the little joint up the alley where a square meal, quite well cooked and

George Gould does for a million, but I won't stand being robbed of red, see?

"Now, mein Liebes Herr. You was get overweighed, und den you want your money back. Ach, but you Americans was queer peoples. Rather also loose a gute customer i gift you zehn pfennigs? Here it is, but vot is der trouble?"

"Trouble, nothing. Keep your half a nickel and buy buns for your family with it; but do you mean to say I don't weigh more than seventy pounds?"

"Severhenty pounds? I don't—"

"No, I know you don't. You seem to think it's all right for me to believe I've lost nearly ninety pounds in less than a month, and you think it's all right, but it ain't, and I'll make you think it ain't!"

Adolph Foujens is erecting three fine five-room colonial dwelling-houses on the corner of Workman and Hawley streets.

"Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McCarroll have moved to Tropic.

James Pierce is from Berkeley. His health has failed and he will stay out a year to recuperate.

John C. is recovering from an attack of rheumatism.

Friday evening a farewell reception was given to W. G. Randall at his home on Workman street, before leaving for Central America.

P. M. Boyle has gone to Arizona to take in the hobo element quite lively of late.

Mr. Wassell's lectures have dropped into "Innocuous desuetude."

Paul Martin was married to Miss Katherine Kregel last Thursday. They are now at the Coronado.

Rev. Roland D. Grant, D.D., the Portland orator and scholar, will preach at the East Side Baptist Church today at 3 o'clock.

A number of small boys given to throwing stones at churches and houses are likely to be arrested. Mothers would do well to look after their "darlings" and thus save the keen-eyed police the trouble.

De Ville was getting excited.

"Perhaps it is all right," I suggested in an aimless but amiable way.

"Oh, yes, take his part. That's right. Perhaps I'm the living skeleton. Perhaps I'm the living skeleton. Perhaps I'm the living skeleton."

"But severhenty kilogrammes is not such lide weight," interposed the cigar dealer, with the courage of desperation. A crowd was gathering, and that would mean the police in a few moments.

"Kill a what?" from Mr. Boggs.

"Kilogrammes, you weigh severhenty kilogrammes."

A light dawned on Boggs—a cigar light. A kilogramme he knew well enough was about two and a half pounds.

You get the metric system of weights and measure, chucked at you everywhere in Berlin. Boggs now declares he is going to try the metric system at Monte Carlo. He has tried every other system in similar places.

But it is a nuisance to have to remember all about staves, decagrammes, kilos, hectos, milliliters, and a dozen other hecto hacto and millidam things, whenever you want to buy anything or want to know how far it is to some place. *

"I'm afraid," confided De Ville one evening, "that I shall never again feel quite at home in a New York bank. Whenever I've gone into a bank at home I know I've immediately become an object of suspicion. I was simply surrounded by an atmosphere of distrust the moment I went up to the little shelf where the various blanks for depositors are kept on file. The officials, I believe, suspected me of a constant desire to swipe the calendar on the shelf or to embezzle the two-pronged pen. The bank people never failed to get rid of me in five minutes. It isn't so here. The bank-folks in

Germany trust me with a lamblike fidelity, but they haven't a particle of faith in my convertible securities. Give them a bank book and they'll advance me a few pounds on my letter of credit, but checks or drafts make 'em shy like a year-old colt at a steam roller. But I'm getting to like their deliberate ways. I was intended by nature to be a gentleman of leisure, and only a man of that ilk should do business at a continental bank. Whenever I've an hour or so to spare and want to get absolutely away from all scenes of tumult, I take my letter of credit around to the Deutsche bank and draw a few cards on it. There is a little room for strangers containing a hat-rack, a map of Berlin, and a table with a carafe of water with glasses on it. Of course I don't touch the water, but it gives me a homesy feeling to see a映ing glass on it.

The carafe is such a gentle act of deference. And now that I always have it, just as I do my hat when I see an American friend floating anywhere abroad. After giving the man at the little window my letter of credit, I sit down and give myself up to quiet meditation until twenty minutes or so have elapsed, and the bank man nods to me, at the same time holding out two papers for me to sign. I haven't the faintest idea what they are. They may be judgment notes or first mortgages on this hotel for all I care. A fellow over here gets so in the way of signing his name to anything any foreign official may happen to ask him to. Then I sit down again.

"The bank man disappears probably to count out of his five little daily meals. Then he comes to the window once more and gives me the money. Some of it is in a little shovel and the rest in banknotes that must be modeled after the lottery tickets that you see sold at nearly every cigar store. After that I unhang my hat and overcoat, and tip out of the bank as I would if I had to go out of church during services."

De Ville does so like to hear himself talk. I had to interrupt him by telling

THE GERMAN SOLDIER ENJOYS ONE CONTINUAL PICNIC.

neatly served, can be had for a mark and a half—about the size of the fee one is expected to tender the waiter of the grand restaurants.

As I was saying, one gets weary of seeing monkeys in uniform, and even the noble German army wears one, too; one sees too much of it. And how tired the German soldier must get of himself!

The man that would envy him his lot would change places with a billiard table. The German soldier has to hunt after fashion; hardly a day passes that he is not seen through his glasses. Nearly every available space in the outskirts is used for drill-ground, where, from time to time, most of the thirty thousand troops that are stationed here are instructed in the noble art of killing their fellow-men. And of course, in the surrounding countries, these same fellow-men are also learning the latest and most improved means of putting the men who drill here out of existence. It is a pleasant little game all around. And all the maneuvers are not made in the spring and fall, either. Every few days regiments are sent far into the country, where the ground is rough, and where, fully accoutered as if for active service, they go through the humanizing motions of war. It's a great fun for the common soldier. His officers are always kind and considerate, but he so kind and considerate that the common soldier frequently seeks relief in death. The soldier doesn't have to carry a thing but a blanket or two, a few pounds of ammunition, a line of side arms, occasionally a hatchet, a nice light rifle, and an assortment of odds and ends that must make a long march a delightful promenade. He is to be envied his opportunity to serve his mighty Emperor.

Another chap who probably doesn't know his luck is the frequent sentinel whose one seat at every turn holding down the pavement in front of the plaster pictures of some of Berlin's most popular princes. The sentinel is there to keep the joy of the populace in check. He hasn't a thing to do except to remain almost motionless for a few hours at a time. Nothing to do but stand. How time must fly with him!

To tell the truth he looks doleful.

Everything looks doleful.

Even my delectable friend De Ville Boggs is in a decidedly doleful mood this wet afternoon. He does so hate to be taken down a peg, and he was taken down a hatrack. After breakfast, he went, under my escort, into an adjacent cigar-store to lay in a stock of cigars for the day. The weedman would talk English fairly well, even if the signs one did read Cigars Import. Berlin is great on variety in cigars, even if the quality generally is worthy of the deepest reproach, not to say indictment. Mr. Boggs purchased three Berlin cigars (to give away,) two Uruguay, two Mexican, and one each from Sumatra, Hindava, Ill.; Bolivia, Guatemala, Brazil, Connecticut and Venezuela, besides an odd half dozen from Africa and India. The twenty came to 2 marks and 90 pfennigs. He tendered a "thaler" in payment, and, receiving a 10-pfennig-piece in change, was about to walk

out, when he espied a drop-ten-pfennig-in-the-slot weighing-machine. Here was an opportunity for finding whether his jail diet had reduced his flesh. So he stood on the scales, dropped in the 10-pfennig pieces, and the indicator new around and stopped at seventy.

Mr. Boggs stamped his feet on the platform. His eyes blazing with anger he turned round to the cigarman.

"This thing is a fraud! It won't go any further."

"Pahsophs it has far enough gone."

"Now don't get funny with me. You give me my money back, or I'll bust the stuffing out of this machine. I don't care any more for 10 pfennigs than

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Los Angeles Sunday Times.

SUNDAY MORNING.

MUNYON. Sterling Silverware for Table Use.

A FEW OF OUR PROMINENT LINES.



Tea Pots
Coffee Pots
Sugar Bowls
Cream Pitchers
Soup Tureens
Tea Spoons
Table Spoons
Forks
Pearl Handle Knives
Carving Sets
Tea Caddies
Berry Spoons
Napkin Rings
Pie Knives
Bon Bon Dishes

We carry in stock almost every conceivable article used on the dinner, tea and dressing table, at very moderate prices. We mark all our goods in plain figures and have only one price. Every article guaranteed Sterling Silver 925-1000 fine.

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JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS.

120 and 122 NORTH SPRING ST., LOS ANGELES, CAL.



"A WOMAN MOVED IS LIKE A FOUNTAIN TROUBLED," so the poet says.

This applies to those that are moved in the old way.

With inexperienced men with a truck or an open dray.

Why not order the Van & Storage Company's padded van?

With it you get a competent man.

We have them either large, medium or small.

Order the one that is just large enough to take it all.

We pack in one which others would make in three.

So imagine what a comfort that will be.

Then to the other house you go and goods are put in place;

Over them all you look and find not a broken vase.

Pianos, too, they move with greatest care;

The price you'll find is always fair.

Your household goods they'll take in store;

Many have them there—still there's room for more.

Telephone us, or a clerk in the office you'll meet,

At 225 West Second street.

Los Angeles Business College

is now located in its new and elegant quarters in the

Currier Block, 212 W. Third Street,

and is better prepared than ever to give young people a most thorough and practical business education.

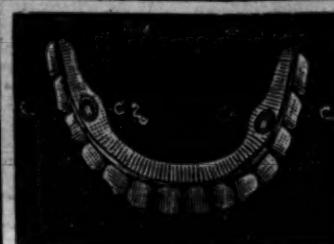
Tomorrow Morning

at 9 o'clock we shall be pleased to register any and all who wish to take a Commercial, Shorthand or Telegraphy Course.

A CORDIAL INVITATION

is extended to all old students, and others interested in our work, to call and see us in our new home.

Twenty years in Practice, Four years in Los Angeles * * * Twenty years in Practice, Four years in Los Angeles.



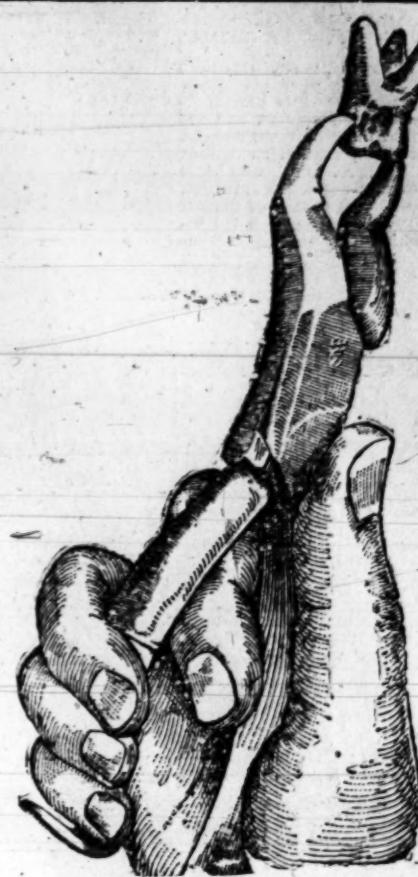
TEETH

GOLD LINED PLATES ONLY \$15.

Vulcanite or Rubber Plates from \$3 Up.

The Very Cheap Prices necessitate poor work — So beware of Cheap Dentists.

Our New Process of Flexible Dental Plates is as yet but little known by the public and less understood by dentists in general. It has many advantages over the ordinary rubber plate, even gold plate, being lighter and thinner. This plate being flexible, no thicker than heavy writing paper, fits closer to the mouth, will last longer and is tougher than any other rubber. Once tried, no other plate will be desirable. Brought to the notice of the public through Dr. Schiffman only.



Artificial Teeth. Bear in mind that a row of teeth set in a circle on a rubber plate is a poor substitute for what nature has given you. Nothing is so closely identified with a pleasing personal appearance as good teeth. Bad teeth deface beyond repair, except as artificial teeth can remedy the defacement, and good teeth add what nothing else can supply. Hence it is surprising how long people will forego the change from bad to good; and surprising, also, that so little taste and judgment is shown in the selection of artificial teeth. Not only are plates often ill adapted, but the teeth are selected without regard to the person's individuality. Dentistry has reached such a stage of progress that, with good work, only the practiced eye can detect the false from the real. This is the highest result, but there are many grades between, and the lower grades cannot be concealed from even the commonest observer, for invariably the beautiful contour of the lips is destroyed and the countenance disfigured, while the teeth themselves look anything but beautiful or natural.

All difficult plate work or any other kind solicited. We make a specialty of that class of work and will GUARANTEE any difficult work we undertake. Persons having trouble with their plates or in having plates fitted are invited to call and consult us.

Porcelain Crown and Bridge-work. The very latest improvements in Porcelain Crown and Bridge-work, acknowledged by eminent dentists as unique and superior to any of the now-known methods, is Dr. Schiffman's own process and method of Crowning and Bridging. Superior to the ready-made Crowns. Each Crown is made a fac-simile of the tooth it is to occupy, thereby rendering an absolute fit and articulation, perfect occlusion and most natural approach to life in symmetry, on which account they are indistinguishable from the Natural Teeth by persons wearing them. The same method is employed in Bridging. A prominent attorney, after six months wearing of a Bridge, expressed himself as follows: "My Bridge seems apparently a part of my natural anatomy." A few dollars spent in first-class Crown and Bridge-work will go further than double the amount spent on large "contour" of gold filling.

Painless Filling. The Schiffman Method of filling teeth WITHOUT PAIN needs no explanation or introduction, except in so far—all operations have been a grand success, sufficient time having elapsed since the work was first done to judge of its worth. Absolute and unqualified pleasure is expressed by patients, without any of the "subsequent or ultimate" bad after effects or death to the pulp, as many letters from patients treated attest. We have sent out letters of inquiry and have received the most sanguine responses from grateful patients and have on file several hundreds of these letters, also very many names of people who have had teeth filled without pain.

A Word to Parents. Remember your Children's Teeth need attention, so as to have the permanent Teeth make a presentable appearance. While they are young they can be remedied easily, many aches and ills avoided, while if neglected it takes time and suffering to accomplish the same result.

WE EXTRACT TEETH POSITIVELY AND ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT PAIN.

Nothing Inhaled. No Gas, No Ether, No Chloroform, and above all No Cocaine Used, which is Dangerous. From One to a Full Set of Teeth Extracted at a Sitting Without a Particle of Pain, Danger or Bad Effects, making the task one of Pleasure rather than one of Dread. The only safe method for elderly people and persons in delicate health.

You do not have to "take something and run the risk."

ONLY 50 CENTS A TOOTH.

We have the most completely equipped office and the largest dental practice in Southern California.

Lady assistants in attendance to wait on ladies and children. We are now running four dental chairs and can wait on patients at a moment's notice without delay.

SCHIFFMAN METHOD DENTAL COMPANY,

Rooms 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26, No. 107 North Spring Street, Schumacher Block.

Twenty years in Practice, Four years in Los Angeles * * * Twenty years in Practice, Four years in Los Angeles.

THE SAWFISH.

A Mammoth Sea Carpenter Caught at San Diego.
(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.)

SAN DIEGO, Nov. 15.—Almost every kind of fish to be found in temperate and semi-tropical waters under the sun can be found in some form or other off this coast. Very frequently fishermen bring in curious specimens of sea life over which they puzzle and ponder until some naturalist comes along and tells them what the thing is. Most of



them, however, are acquainted with the sawfish. Special sketches of this curious creature showing the side view and under view will give the reader a fair idea of the appearance of this fish. Oftentimes people uninformed with the curiosities to be found in the byways of ichthyology have mistaken the sawfish for the swordfish. The two fish are radically different. The swordfish has a long snout or sword, which is shaped almost exactly like a true sword. The sawfish has for its weapon of defense a long, thin, wide bony snout armed with cruel teeth on each side. In pugnacity of disposition and in power the sawfish is almost the

wave of side to side, as might the broad sword of a cavalryman in an old-time charge. It cut through the water with a vicious hiss. On toward the boat it came with a fury that frightened the fisherman. He knew the fish he had provoked. He knew the power of that terrible saw which waved above the waters so threateningly. Fearing that the weapon would sweep the frail craft from stem to stern and deal him a deadly blow, the man jumped into the sea on the other side of the boat from the approaching fish. It was well that he did so. With a single sweep of its saw the angry fish swept the gunwale of the boat from stem to stern with so powerful a blow that three iron blocks were cut off as clean as if severed by machinery. The fisherman clambered into his boat, while the fish, having appeased its anger, swam away to try to get an undisturbed nap.

M. Y. BEACH.

Found. Smith's Dandruff Powder, a sure remedy for dandruff, falling hair and itchy scalp. One bottle guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. At Sale & Son's Drug Store, No. 220 South Spring street.

QUERY. Which buggy is the best in the world for the money? Answer. The Columbus Buggy Co.'s buggy. Question. What is it? Answer. Hawley, King & Co.

ELECTRIC oil stoves or hot-air furnaces are your choice to heat your house this winter. Nauert & Case Hardware Co. has them. No. 220 South Spring street.

LUMBER way down. Get our prices. Ganahl Lumber Company.

GO to Christopher's No. 241 South Spring, for Boller's famous tamale.

Teeth extracted positively without pain, 50c a tooth.



Gold Crowns, Porcelain Crowns, and Bridgework, \$50.00 a tooth. Gold fillings, \$1.00 and up. Gold Alloy fillings, 50c and up.

The best sets of teeth on plate, 50c a tooth.

Dr. C. H. Parker, Rooms 24 and 25, Muskegon Block, S.W. cor. Third and Broadway, entrance 307 Broadway.

M. Y. BEACH.

Auction!

Real Estate.

8 Roomed House.

305 S. Workman St., East Los Angeles. Monday, Nov. 18, 1895, at 2 o'clock, p.m., on the premises.

This house contains 8 rooms, hard finished and papered throughout. Lot runs back to an alley; street all graded and curbed; sidewalk; sewer on street. The property will be sold and is in a grand neighborhood to rent or for sale.

THOS. B. CLARK, Auctioneer, 222 W. First Street.

At residence, No. 121 West 31st st., Tuesday Nov. 19, at 10 a.m., consisting in part of

1 new upright piano, cost \$450, fancy rockers and easy chairs, center tables, hall chairs, hat trees, pictures, music racks, porches, etc. 1 new bed, 1 new sofa, 2 new blankets, 1 new lady's riding habit, hand-some bedroom suits and chifforons, curved high back chairs, 1 new sofa, 2 new leather lounge, 1 new sewing machine, silver tea and water sets, China, glassware, extension table and dining chairs, 1 fine high back chair, 1 new sofa, 2 new chairs, 1 excellent buggy, 1 pony and phaeton, 2 sets of harness, etc. etc.

C. M. STEVENS, Auctioneer, Office, 228 W. Fourth St.

Ever Troubled with Your Eyes?

Ever tried us? We have fitted glasses to thousands to their entire satisfaction. Why not give us a trial? We will satisfy you. Eyes tested free. Lowest prices.

S. G. MARSHUTZ, Scientific Optician, 245 S. Spring St., opposite Simpson Block. Established here nine years.

Look for the Crown on the window.

THE TRACT OF HOMES.

300 fifty-foot lots facing on Adams street, 52 feet wide; Central avenue, 80 feet wide; 5th street, 100 feet wide, etc., and such streets all lined with low stone walls, shade trees. Every street curbed, graded and gravelled daily by the city. Wide cement walks; rich garden loam soil; the healthiest portion of the city. High and low prices.

Visit this property and compare it with others.

Open prices \$100 to \$1000, on easy terms.

A double electric line runs through the tract, and there are trolley cars, corner Second and Adams streets. Twelve minutes ride from the business center.

For further information, write or call

Grider & Dow.

Grider & Dow's

Adams St. Tract

A NEW SCHOOLHOUSE to cost \$17,000 is being built in the tract. Five miles of graded streets have been laid out and houses built in six months.

A NEW CHURCH, one of the finest in the city, is now being erected on this property.

Telephone 1259. FREE CARRIAGES.

139 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Telephone 1259.

NICOLL, The Tailor

134 S. Spring st.

5 Headaches Cured FOR
By the Comp. Celery Powder.

THOMAS & ELLINGTON,

Agents. Cor. Temple and Spring Sts.

The Times-Mirror Company,

PUBLISHERS OF
The Los Angeles Times, Daily, Sunday and Weekly.H. G. OTIS.....President and General Manager.
L. B. MOSHER.....Vice-President
ALBERT McFARLAND.....Treasurer.Office: Times Building.
R. E. corner of First and Broadway. Telephone numbers: Editorial 674; Business Office 22.
PRINCIPAL EASTERN AGENT: E. KATE, 167 WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK.

The Los Angeles Times

Founded December 4, 1881.

FOURTEENTH YEAR.

FULL ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT SERVICE—OVER 20,000 MILES OF LEASED WIRES

BY MAIL, \$2 a year; by carrier, 50¢ a month. SUNDAY TIMES, \$2 a year. WEEKLY, \$1.50

Sworn Net Average Daily Circulation, Past Ten Mos., 14,851 Copies

Exceeding the net circulation of any other two Los Angeles daily papers.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS—Do not depend upon the return of rejected manuscripts, but retain copies if you wish to preserve your contributions. Articles should be typewritten and MSS. sent flat. Practice brevity and write plainly.

THE GRAND CANYON.

The only authentic lithograph of Thomas Moran's famous painting of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River may now be secured by purchase of Los Angeles Times. The lithograph is on a sheet 42x27½ inches over all, the picture itself being 22½x35½ inches in size. It may be seen at the counting-room of The Times, and is supplied to cash-in-advance-paying subscribers at the following rates:

By Carrier. Mail.
The PICTURE FREE with the DAILY one year for, \$10.20 \$9.00
The PICTURE and the DAILY six months for, 5.90 5.30
The PICTURE and the DAILY three months for, 3.35 3.05
The PICTURE and the DAILY one year for, 2.10 2.10
The picture must be procured from any other source upon the same terms, and is not sold separately by us.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM.

During the past few years much attention has been devoted throughout the United States to the subject of education and the common-school system. There was a time not so long ago when it was taken for granted by the average American that the public-school system of this country was perfect and that it was something akin to sacrifice, or at least to an insult to the flag, to intimate that there was any possibility of improving that system. As long as such sentiments as these were generally entertained—as long as the possibility of improvement was not recognized—it was, of course, hopeless to expect any change. Now, however, intelligent American citizens are beginning to understand that one may criticize the details of the American public-school system without attacking the cardinal principle upon which that system is based.

The chief drawback of the present system is that it treats every individual child in precisely the same manner as if they were all physically and mentally the counterparts of each other—as if they were all run out of a single mould. The consequence is that the bright scholars are held back, while pushing forward the dull ones ahead of their capabilities does them little good. Then, as the public schools—at least in the cities—attempt to much, the teachers have little spare time to devote to any single pupil. They all have to take their chances in the general crowd. As a consequence, it is not surprising to find that American children reared in the public schools of this country are, as a rule, two or three years behind children of the same age who have been taught in the old-fashioned private schools of America or Europe.

These remarks are suggested by the first number of a magazine that has been published in Los Angeles by Prof. Search, whose recent attempt to introduce an improved method of education in the public schools of this city was so suddenly cut short, for reasons that were political rather than educational. The magazine is called "The Advance in Education." It contains a number of thoughtful and interesting articles, which will be appreciated by those who devote some attention to this important subject. The question of what is meant by the individual plan of education is answered in a paper which was written originally for the Educational Congress of the Midwinter Fair by J. B. McChesney, who was for twenty-eight years principal of the Oakland High School. Mr. McChesney says:

"What is meant by the individual plan? Simply this, that the school be so organized and the exercises be so conducted that each pupil shall have the full benefit of his own brain power, and not be hurried along so rapidly that he does not understand what he is attempting to do, nor be compelled to loiter by the way because some of his classmates are slower of comprehension than he is, or do not choose to exert themselves so faithfully. It means that each pupil shall be considered as possessing a distinct personality, and be treated accordingly. It means that every pupil shall early learn what it is to study, and how to study, and then become independent in thought and self-reliant in action. It means that the fact that some pupils are limited as to the time they can attend school, and so are destined of getting the most possible in that time, shall be fully recognized by school authorities, and that every possible opportunity be accorded them, so that they shall realize, as the weeks go by, that their time is well spent. It means that the slow, faithful, plodding pupils, those who, in after years, become the substantial citizens, the trusted advisers, the strong pillars of the State, shall not be hurried along so rapidly that they obtain but confused ideas and so be finally discouraged, simply because their classmates more readily discern and become impatient of their plodding ways. It means that the teacher shall become personally acquainted with each member of his class, shall know something of his peculiar mental characteristics, shall be

able to look at the subject under consideration from his point of view, and shall think of each boy and each girl as a distinct person, and not think of them all as an impersonal class. It means, in short, a recognition of the fact that the two minds are constituted exactly the same, so their development must necessarily be along different lines."

David Star Jordan of the Stanford University, in the course of an article on education, quotes the following from a Japanese writer in regard to education in Old Japan:

"We were not taught in classes then. The grouping of soul-bearing human beings into classes, as sheep upon Australian farms, was not known in our old schools. Our teachers believed, I think instinctively, that man (person) is unclassifiable, that he must be dealt with personally, i. e., face to face and soul to soul. So they schooled us one by one, each according to his idiosyncrasies, physical and mental and spiritual. They knew every man by his name. And as asses were never harnessed with horses, there was but little danger of the latter being beaten down into stupidity, or the former driven into valedictorian's graves. In this respect, therefore, our old-time teachers in Japan agreed with Socrates and Plato in their theory of education."

The progress of educational reform cannot be checked by any such temporary setbacks as that which it recently received in this city. The fact that intelligent Americans throughout the country recognize the necessity for such reform is a guarantee that it will come sooner or later.

SOME SOBER SENSE.

It is practically certain that, if the Republican National Convention were held in San Francisco, a concerted effort would be made on the part of the free-coinside extremists to commit the party in its platform to an indorsement, or at least to a quasi-indorsement, of the free-silver delusion. Suppose the convention should so far yield to the pressure in this behalf as to indicate that the amount subscribed to date is trifling, and wholly inadequate to the amount of noise that has been made about the matter. The noisy demagogues do not pay cash to any great extent.

The Times was one of the first newspapers in the State to speak favorably of the project to bring the Republican National Convention to California. But that was before it became evident that if the convention was to be secured for this Coast, a large amount of money would have to be expended for the purpose. If San Francisco were the free and untrammeled choice of the National Committee, the case would be different. But if California can get the convention only by paying \$150,000 to \$200,000 for it, the convention should go elsewhere. The location should not be purchased in any event.

From the alleged fact that the longest hairs on Paderewski's head measure eight inches, the Wichita (Kan.) Eagle draws the deliberate conclusion that "Pfeffer might have been a great musician if his chin had been where his scalp is." The statement is a non sequitur. If Pfeffer's chin had been where his scalp is, he would probably have been so busy talking through his hat that he would have had no time to cultivate music.

This putting up of the Republican National Convention at auction, to be awarded to the city that will pay the most for it, is a sorry business, disgraceful to all who participate in it. The convention should be located by an untrammeled and honest vote of the National Committee, and no money consideration should be allowed to enter into the arrangement.

It must be admitted that while the Corbett-Fitzsimmons quarrel has been prolific of a great deal of violent language, it has been absolutely free from physical violence, and is likely to remain so through time and eternity.

The golden tide has again begun to flow toward Europe from the United States. It ought to be flowing the other way at this time; and it would be but for the accident of an incompetent national administration.

Information comes all the way from New York that Editor Dana's famed "office cat" is related by ties of consanguinity to the Tammany tiger. This explains a great many things.

Ex-Gov. Campbell of Ohio says all this third-term talk is "silly." Mr. Campbell's head is plumb. But it needed no ex-Governor to tell us this.

The Duke of Marlborough says he is not a fortune-hunter, which is probably true. He has found it.

Continued atrocities in Asia Minor make it more and more apparent that Turkey has got to be carved.

PITH OF THE COAST PRESS.

(Portland Telegram) Laughter at Lord Sholto Douglas has been changed to pity in the benedict heart by the announcement that he has a buxom and active mother-in-law.

(Seattle Post-Intelligencer) Young James R. Garfield starts in well by running 2000 votes ahead of his Republican colleague in the race for the Ohio State Senate. It is to be hoped the compliment is merited. The greatest obstacle he will have to overcome is the fact that his name is Garfield.

(Napa Journal) A man has been discovered down in Oakland whose heart has shifted from the left to the right side of his body. From the number of sensational divorce suits down that way, there is a strong suspicion that public love to be galled.

IN THE MATTER OF RAISING FUNDS IN LOS ANGELES TO HELP SAN FRANCISCO ENTERTAIN THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION in that city, should it meet there (which is improbable) our citizens understand, of course, that they are free to give or to refuse to give money for the purpose. Each citizen is to be the judge for himself in this matter. No undue pressure from committees or collectors is justifiable. The class shall know something of his peculiar mental characteristics, small be

SHE'S "THE BELLE OF THE BALL."



California has captured the hearts of the South and will come home with a lot of medals, prizes, awards and such.

to impeach the enterprise, the local patriotism or State pride of any citizen who refuses to subscribe. No covert or open threat that people who decline to subscribe "will get them selves disliked" deserves a particle of attention from any independent, self-respecting citizen. All must be free to aid the enterprise if they wish; all must be equally free to withhold aid if their judgment, inclinations or necessities dictate such a course.

The local progress made in this money-raising campaign thus far is insignificant. The amount subscribed to date is trifling, and wholly inadequate to the amount of noise that has been made about the matter. The noisy demagogues do not pay cash to any great extent.

(Redlands Facts) The dispatches show that some Americans are in danger of being killed by the Turks. Hence the United States government has yet to draw into the troubles existing in the Ottoman empire. It would be well if our government could wait out altogether, but if it must it must, and if it does, the end of our entanglements abroad will be of doubtful prophecy.

(Phoenix Record) Somebody intimated that Pasadena was experiencing a sort of business decline, and the editors of that town are lying awake nights thinking up caustic denials of the report. We give it to the belief that cheap and rapid transportation to Pasadena will injure the mercantile interests of the town, but so long as there is a building boom continues, and millionaires come and build palatial homes for themselves, there should be no kick coming. Pasadena will never be a quiet commercial center; but as a city of homes it is charming beyond compare.

(Bakersfield Californian) Tens of thousands of barrels of Almeria grapes are being imported into this country and find a ready sale at high prices. These are nothing more or less than the Malaga and Montilla grapes of Spain. If our grapes were packed in cork dust and branded as coming from Spain, doubtless they would sell for high prices. It appears to be all a question of the brand, just as it is with our wines, which sell under a French label for three or four times as much as under an honest brand.

(Woodland Mail) The people of Southern California, through their enterprise and energy, have a happy faculty of "getting there," to use a slang expression.

A carload of home-seekers from the East settled in San Bernardino this year. A like number of Berliners are settling in that city, a kalte Klinik, or cold cure, for the "frigotherapeutic" treatment of diseases. He says he cured himself of dyspepsia by boxing himself in a refrigerator. When he came out he was very hungry, and doubtless also very cold.

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THE WEATHER.

DAILY BULLETINS.
U. S. WEATHER BUREAU, Los Angeles, Nov. 16, 1895. At 5 a.m. the barometer registered 30.09; at 5 p.m. 30.00. The corresponding hours showed 62 deg. and 70 deg. Relative humidity, 5 a.m., 65; 5 p.m., 51. Wind, 5 a.m., northeast, velocity 3 miles; 5 p.m., calm. Maximum temperature, 76 deg.; minimum temperature, 58 deg. Character of weather, clear.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
WEATHER BUREAU. Report received at Los Angeles, Cal., on Nov. 16, 1895. GEORGE E. FRANKLIN, Observer. Observations taken at all stations at 8 p.m. 75th meridian time.

Place of Observation. Bar. Ther. Los Angeles, clear..... 29.98 78 San Diego, clear..... 30.04 72 San Luis Obispo, clear..... 30.04 72 Fresno, clear..... 29.98 78 Eureka, clear..... 30.13 74 Portland, cloudy..... 30.40 50

The Times

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Alhambra is feeling the need of an electric road to facilitate transportation between that lovely suburb and the metropolis.

A particularly helarious attempt to burn up a family is reported from Pasadena. Fire-bugs caught at such work will be given short shrift, even in the quiet and goodly town of Pasadena.

The sweet-wine makers of Southern California have consented to join the producers of the northern section in the formation of a trust. It is officially reported that this organization is for protection only, and not for the purpose of raising prices.

Yesterday's casualties were chiefly chargeable to fires. Prairie blazes that filled the torrid atmosphere with smoke, an expensive barn fire and an attempt at incendiarism at Pasadena and a child burned to death in San Bernardino county, are all reported.

A few of the city schools have no flags. This affords an opportunity for some patriotically-disposed citizens to place the Stars and Stripes where they can inspire the young ideals to shoot. There is no danger of "Old Glory" being too common on the flagstaffs over the school buildings.

The Finance Committee of the City Council recommends that the request of the Street Superintendent for ten more men be filed. This recommendation might be expected in view of the fact that the demands on the cash fund during the past few months have exceeded the appropriation.

The hot desert wind that has been blowing in the valley east of Pomona for several days past has resulted in making the weather as far west as the coast somewhat tropical. Beer and ices are in good demand, in consequence, and the seaside hotel men are thinking of a revival of the summer trade.

The safe in the Santa Fe freight office at Riverside has been blown open by burglars, but as usual, the burglars got nothing. The safe-blowing business in Southern California this season appears to be decidedly unprofitable. This is not due so much to the bungling methods of the burglars as to the absence of coin in the safes that are looted.

The Fiesta Committee is meeting with much success in getting subscriptions for the next carnival, and feels much encouraged. As might be expected, in the course of its rounds some peculiar people are encountered, who give peculiar reasons for declining to subscribe. One man objects because he did not get a prize which he thinks he was entitled to at the last fiesta; another because his suggestion for a float and for decorations was ignored; yet another because a charge was made for seats at Central Park, while one unfortunate was hit on the head with a blower on All Fool's night last April, and considers this a sufficient excuse for not putting up for the next celebration. It might be a good idea for the management to make a special feature of a procession devoted to the "kickers" and their ideas. It might be made one of the most interesting features of the display, especially if the kickers themselves would consent to appear under the torch-lights. In any case, it is announced that the committee is preparing from now on to receive and register all kicks. They will probably be printed, and will no doubt add much to the joyousness of the coming carnival.

CYCLING NOTES.

Result of the L.A.W. Election—Road Runs Friday.

The mail vote for the officers of this division of the League of American Wheelmen ended on November 30, a month being allowed the L.A.W. members to send in their votes to the secretary-treasurer. The officers elected were: Chief consul, C. C. Monaghan of Santa Ana; vice-consul, I. S. Logan of Riverside; secretary-treasurer, J. A. Kelly of Los Angeles; representative at large, Robert Gray of Ontario. There were two candidates for the office of chief consul, but no opposition for the other offices.

Alfred Monaghan, the new chief consul, is the president of the Orange County Wheelmen, and an enthusiastic cyclist, who will make a record for the league, as well as himself.

The Eastern wheelmen will go to Santa Ana today at the guests of the Citrus Wheelmen, and will enjoy a fish dinner at the Arcadia.

Today's runs are as follows: East Side Cycling Club, to Rubio Canyon; Roamer's Road Club, Cahuenga Valley, and road race, Los Angeles Road Club, Glendale.

Monday evening the Roamers have a smoker for club members only at their cozy Olive-street clubhouse. Tuesday evening the Citrus Wheelmen give a big smoker at Elks' Hall.

There were several falls at the bicycle track yesterday. Cooper and Schmidt were two of the unlucky racing men.

Want to Buy House.

We have a buyer for a small or medium-sized house that can be bought for moderate cash payment and balance installments. No particular location, near car line. We have another \$75 for five or six rooms houses East Los Angeles on easy terms. Langworthy Co., No. 228 South Spring.

New Carpet Store.

No. 405 South Broadway, near Fourth. Moquette and velvets, \$1 per yard. Tapestries, carpets, 50 cents per yard. Linoleum, 40 cents per yard. Matting, 10 cents per yard. U. A. Judd, No. 406 South Broadway.

COLUMBUS Buggy Co.'s buggies were well

MADE HIS AFFIDAVIT.

Close Shave for Treasurer Carmichael of Sacramento.

A happy and much-relieved man was City Treasurer D. W. Carmichael, of Sacramento, yesterday, when the Sun set limited pulled out of the Arcada depot.

Early in the morning a frantic tele-

gram reached County Clerk Newlin, re-

questing him to have a deputy meet

the Sun set limited as it came through

Los Angeles. The deputy must be

armed with an affidavit blank, and

the post offices would ensure if he

failed to appear.

As it looked like a case of life or

death, Deputy George Francis was

hastily despatched to meet the train.

He rushed down to Commercial-street

depot, with the required blank in his

hand, and the post offices

whizzed through without stopping.

Mr. Francis stayed not upon the or-

der of his going, but chased himself

with considerable celerity over to the

train depot. It was ten minutes be-

fore the train reached the depot.

He finally dashed in, to find an anxious

and impatient man padding up and

down, evidently looking for some one.

He evidently knew by instinct who Mr. Francis was, for he rushed eagerly

toward him and, in a hurried

word, explained the situation.

It appeared that Mr. Carmichael, who

is of the well-known Sacramento law

firm of Curtis, Carmichael and Brand,

had just been elected City Treasurer of

Sacramento, after a close and

contested election.

Luckily, he is a man fertile in re-

sources and quick of wit. A happy

thought struck him, and he promptly

put it into action by sending a tele-

gram to Mojave, requesting the

County Clerk of Los Angeles to send

him the affidavit blank.

Mr. Francis, at once awoke him and

received the affidavit. The train

steamed out, bearing a very happy

Treasurer, and Mr. Francis sent the

affidavit up to Sacramento, accom-

panied by a letter explaining the

situation.

Before he reached Mojave it dawned

upon him that he had forgotten to

make the necessary affidavit of his

expenditure as a candidate during the

campaign. Here was a situation!

The affidavit must be made, and Mr. Carmichael very much distilated the idea of returning to Sacramento in order to

make the necessary affidavit.

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SOCIETY.

At the beginning of the season there were many rumors that society would be unusually active this year, and that many swell functions were already planned. Accordingly, everybody ordered an extra number of elegant gowns, which, however, except upon a very few occasions, have not been removed from their boxes. But an opportunity will be afforded shortly to display their gorgeousness, first at the ball to be given next Wednesday evening at Turnverein Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. Willard H. Stimson and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, then at the reception to Dr. and Mrs. Jauch Friday evening, at Kramer's Hall. The Assistance League ball on Tuesday, the 26th inst., will also bring out an array of handsome gowns. The wedding bells have congealed to ring again this year, and if that dead old custom of ringing for the bride had not long ago died out, and two of the prettiest girls in society were among those who changed their name "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer," many a Monday to Mr. Workman was a very charming affair, as was also that of Miss Bonsall to Dr. Jauch, though the latter was very quiet. Mrs. A. F. M. Strong gave a delightful afternoon on Monday evening. Miss Van Nuyts held a second of her series of afternoon receptions on Friday. There have been several smart dinners, notably the stag dinner given Tuesday by Z. D. Matthiessen, and Mrs. Weddermeyer, and the exceedingly delightful Spanish dinner given Friday evening by Frederick Harkness, at his residence on Adams street.

The dining-room was beautifully decorated in the Spanish colors, white, red and green. In the center of the table was a tall banquet lamp, from which the light came softly through a red silk shade. At either end was a cut-glass bowl of red carnations, and from the center a large brown silk satin ribbon which ended in a huge bow at one end. Diagonally opposite, at the other end, was placed another bow of the ribbon. Smilar was formed in a lover's knot near one end of the table and was trailed across the room to the center. A canape cover was a red cambric. The mantel and buffet were banked in white chrysanthemums and a dainty frieze was formed of festoons of smilax. Papery and jars of white chrysanthemums were arranged about the room. A very delicious menu was served. The guests were: John M. Crawley, Dr. Bryant, William Lacy, Sr., W. E. Dunn, J. G. Estudillo, W. S. Moore, L. Vetter, S. W. Maxwell, T. E. Rowan, M. A. Foster, W. R. Rowan, L. A. Grant, J. T. Gaynor, George S. Patten, Richard Egan, A. R. Tracy, J. F. Forster and R. H. F. Forster.

AFTERNOON RECEPTION.

Mr. I. N. Van Nuyts held the second of her series of receptions Friday afternoon, at her home on South Spring street, and that it was a very delightful affair goes without saying. She was assisted in receiving by Mmes. Earl B. Millar, Sanderson, Modlin-Wood, Klocke, Newhall, Solano, Whiting, Cornelius Cole, John Wigmore, Chandler, W. H. Powers, Williams, Ira Smith, John H. Jeune and Klokke. The Misses Besse Millar, Violet Wigmore, Beatrice Wigmore and Annie Van Nuyts assisted in the diningroom. The punch room was presided over by Mrs. Sanderson. Miss Jeune and Miss Klokke. charming songs by the quartette composed of Mr. and Mrs. Modlin-Wood, Mrs. Kempton and Dr. Semler. The rooms were effectively decorated with flowers, potted plants and trails of asparagus plumes. The diningroom was in light green; a frieze was formed of gracefully festooned ropes of smilax which were also used with charming effect about the mantel and buffet. The candles upon the tables were shaded with soft green crepe. Among the guests were Mmes. J. M. Riley, H. W. Vail, M. T. Whittaker, G. Kenyon, A. C. Short, Charles J. F. Frank, J. C. Nason, E. C. Hoerick, J. S. Vosburg, J. B. Francisco, Donald Macneil, N. R. Vail, L. A. Denker, Moses Thompson, Louis Gottschalk, William L. Banning, J. W. McKinley, J. B. Banning, Albert C. Jones, J. R. Scott, W. R. Burnett, Hancock M. Johnston, Waynes Park, Ira Smith, W. S. Baker, Willoughby Rodman, Dennis George W. King, John G. Mossin, W. H. Hellman, J. J. Akin, Charles S. Crain, W. G. Cochran, O. T. Johnson, John Mansfield, L. J. Rose, Charles D. Forrest, H. H. Hall, Felix C. Howes, J. M. Stewart, M. S. Irvine, A. J. Howard, Charles T. Parsons, J. J. Mellus, B. C. Whiting, F. A. Eastman, F. J. Thomas; Misses Frida Hellman, Banning, Katherine Johnson, Belle Baker, Wilcox, Antoinette Denker, Vail, Kerchoff, McLean, Florence Riley, Sharr, Rose, Mabel Rose, Howey, George.

A DANCING PARTY.

One of the smartest dancing parties of the season for the younger set was given Friday evening at the Casa de Rossas by Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Howry in honor of the seventeenth birthday of their son, C. D. Forrest Howry. The ballroom was effectively decorated with white chrysanthemums, roses and smilax. The corners were filled with tall cane and umbrella stands. The reception hall was pretty with scarlet geraniums, smilax and potted plants. A bowl of lemonade was placed on a long wreathed table in a corner of the ballroom, and the room in the court, where the masses of trained plants, the tangle of vines and the light from Japanese lanterns were like a scene from fairytale. Fascinating music was furnished by the Venetian Ladies' Orchestra, gayly gowned in their pink and white million costume. A delicious supper was served under the direction of Caterer J. E. Aull. The grand march was led by Mr. Howry and Miss Helen Howes, who was daintily gowned in white, with pink satin ribbon and a unique, pretty set of young girls were present, and some charming gowns were worn. Mrs. Howry wore a black satin skirt, a very handsome waist of pale pink satin brocade, trimmed with an accordion-pleated white chiffon and diamond ornaments. Those present were: Mrs. Helen Munday, Katherine Kent, Helen Howes, Algas Kelsey, Alice Groff, Clara Walton, Daisy Moore, Bowens Moore, Irma Foy, Alma Foy, Helen Davenport, Lulu Foy, Grace Pandos, Anna Sabin, Burton, Francis Barber, Annie Van Nuyts, Edith Eastman, Lillian Carleton, Anna Pease, Florence Pease, Isabel Godin, Mabel Ferguson, Flora Lindley, Myra Lindley, Lucy Henshaw, Katherine Ellis, Bernice

a contest on musical illustration and interpretation. The illustration of Mr. Marshall excelled all others, while the prizes on interpretation were won by first, a silver spool by Mr. Ward, and the "bonby," a typical boneless "Alabama Coon," by Mrs. Davis. Miss Scanlan, Miss Clay and Prof. Chambers furnished some delightful musical selections, vocal and instrumental. An immense birthday cake presented by Mr. Ally, and loaded with a coin, a ring and a diamond, was distributed. Mrs. Wolcott won the ring, Mr. Alexander the thimble and Mr. Ward the coin.

HOME MISSION SOCIETY.

Rev. Thomas J. Morgan, D.D. LL.D., corresponding secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and Mrs. Morgan were entertained at the home of Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Tinker, No. 222 West Fifteenth street, last Monday evening. They were present Capt. E. C. P. J. Cressy of the Pacific Baptist, published at Portland, Or., and the district secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society for the Pacific Coast; Rev. D. D. Proper, general missionary for the Home Mission Society; Rev. Dr. H. A. Sheldon of Chicago, Ill. The evening was a most delightful one, and memorable in the fact that so many representatives of the Home Mission Society were present. Mrs. Sheldon was intimately acquainted in her girlhood with the founders of the great organizations, and Capt. Cressy is the grandson of the first secretary.

AN AFTERNOON TEA.

Mrs. J. M. C. Marble gave a most delightful afternoon tea at her residence, No. 320 Figueroa street, Friday afternoon, November 15, in honor of Mrs. D. M. Welch, president of the Southern California W.H.M.S., who has lately returned from an extended visit to Europe. The members of the executive board of that society were invited. Among those present were: Mmes. D. M. Welch, J. M. C. Marble, O. H. Churchill, G. W. White, H. J. Crist, F. H. Bodkin, W. W. Gillette, M. H. Linn, L. A. C. Whittle, M. Whittle, James L. T. Carter, W. G. Caswell, C. C. McLean, C. A. Smith, and Mrs. H. Holbrook of Pasadena, and Mrs. E. M. Webster of Garden Grove. Many subjects pertaining to home missions and the work of the society were discussed, and Mrs. Welch delighted greatly in her accounts of the annual meeting at Columbus, O., where she so admirably represented the society of California.

The parlors were prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and roses.

METHODIST RECEPTION.

The members of the Central Methodist Church were very pleasantly entertained Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. C. C. Crawford, and their sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Buss. Cards were enjoyed in the evening. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Soofield, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. William Banks, and Dr. and Mrs. Burdick. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Binford won the first prizes, and Mrs. Moore and Mr. Potter, the consolation.

PICNIC SUPPER.

Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Rayder gave a picnic supper Friday evening, in honor of their sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Buss. Cards were enjoyed in the evening. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Fred Soofield, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Potter, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. William Banks, and Dr. and Mrs. Burdick. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Binford won the first prizes, and Mrs. Moore and Mr. Potter, the consolation.

BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Crawford entertained very delightfully Saturday evening at their home on North Spring street in honor of Mr. Crawford's birthday. Music and games were enjoyed. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Crawford, and Mr. J. Lang, Mrs. Joy, Miss Joy, Miss Eleanor Joy, Dr. Andrew, Mrs. Andrew, Mrs. Scott, Miss Anna, Judge Davidson, Mr. H. D. Mrs. Charles Hinchliffe, Mrs. Philip Gerhardy, Mr. and Mrs. Steckel and Dr. Scott.

TENTH BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Judge and Mrs. C. E. Pittman entertained Saturday afternoon, in honor of the tenth birthday of their little daughter Pearl. The gay company of children were entertained with games, and a grab-bag laden with pretty toys furnished souvenirs of the occasion. The diningroom was decorated with palms and over the table hung a canopy made of roses. The center of the room was occupied by a huge bunch of white chrysanthemums. Each guest was presented with a paper bonbon.

A large birthday cake, ablaze with white candles, formed the center-piece of the daintily appointed table, and at each place there was placed a bunch of violets, tied with white ribbon.

The dime in the birthday cake fell to baby Mary Brodbeck. Those present were Pearl Pittman, Mary Brodbeck, Idelle and Lucy Pittman, Glenn, Kenneth and Joe Price, Charlotte Harpster, Bee, and Eddie Bennett, Odell, Constance, Mindy and Evelyn, Reynolds, Hilda, and June, Grace, and Della Downing, Maud and Lucy Howell, Dene Robinson, Helen Beach, Dottie Pound, Hilda Magnus, Theresa Marx, Lucy Roeder, Gertrude Golmer, Gertrude Kimble, Alma Von Der Loke, Franklin and Georgia Sills, Florence Cooley, Fannie, and Helen, Hilda, and Flora Barron, Misses Ira Barron, Le Roy Barron, Misses Alice and May Kimball, Messrs. Ralph and Walter Kincaid, the Misses Alice Kincaid, the Misses Tillie, Annie, and Lulu Knecht, Misses Tillie, Annie, and Lulu Knecht, Misses J. C. Lynch, Miss Elsie Beck, Mrs. C. T. Archer, Misses Ida, Pearl, Clara, Fannie, and Helen, Hilda, and Flora Barron, Misses Ira Barron, Le Roy Barron, Misses Alice and May Kimball, Messrs. 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SAN JOSE ENCOURAGED.

THE VISITORS HAVE ONE GAME TO THEIR CREDIT.

They Won in the Eighth Inning on McKibben's Error—Will Try Today to Score One More Victory Before Returning North.

Yesterday the baseball players from San Jose won their first game from the home club of the present series. McKibben's error in the eighth inning was the principal cause. Niles' hit to right field should only have been a two-base hit, but McKibben let the ball pass him, and Niles scored on his own hit.

Umpire Stockwell's judgment on balls and strikes is considered very bad. The fans and players say if he would keep in the game it would prevent much kicking.

Twitchell and Lohman each covered fine bag in great style. Lohman also did his part with the stick.

McQuaid and Weaver Fielding was features of the game. In the sixth inning McQuaid made a grandstand catch of Twitchell's long hit and was loudly applauded.

The locals scored two runs in the second inning. Cantillion hit out but was forced to ground. Spear hit. Spear stole second. Hickey struck out. McKibben reached first on balls, both men crossing the plate on Lohman's two-bagger.

No other man scored until the seventh when Klopf singled. Bolan hit right field, but McQuaid's catch, which deprived Bolan of a base hit and he was put out at first. Mauck fumbled Fisher's easy hit and Klopf went to third. Cantillion also made an error of McBride's hit and Klopf scored.

In the eighth inning on his two-base hit to right Klopf's error, Twitchell hit also for a two-bagger and scored on Taylor's and Klopf's sacrifice hits.

In the first part of the ninth inning the locals made a run and tied the score. McKibben reached first on Taylor's error and scored on a two-bagger. Niles was taken sick in this inning and Retter went to rightfield. Klopf covering third bag.

The hopes of the home team were soon lost. Fisher, the first man up in the ninth, struck out. McBride hit safe and scored on a two-bagger of an error. McBride going to second. Retter, the right man in the right place, hit a long safe hit and McBride crossed the plate, winning the first game of the present series for the San Jose club. The game was full of excitement from the first to the last inning.

OFFICIAL SCORE.

Los Angeles.	AB R B H P O A E
McQuaid, lf.	5 0 0 6 0 0
Mortes, cf.	5 0 0 6 0 0
McHale, 3b.	4 0 0 4 1
Cantillion, 2b.	4 0 2 0 2 1
Spear, c.	4 1 1 2 2 1
Hickey, ss.	4 0 0 3 0
McKibben, rf.	3 2 0 1 2 1
Lohman, 1b.	4 0 2 12 0 1
Mauck, p.	4 0 0 2 0 1
	36 8 4 25 14 6
San Jose.	AB R B H P O A E
McBride, lf.	5 1 2 3 0 0
Weaver, cf.	4 0 0 2 0 0
Niles, 3b.	4 1 3 1 2 1
Twitchell, 1b.	4 1 1 15 0 1
Retter, 2b.	4 1 2 3 5 1
Klopf, rf. and 3b.	4 1 2 2 0 0
Hollingsworth, ss.	3 0 1 0 1 2
Bolan, c.	4 0 0 2 0 0
Fisher, p.	4 0 0 0 8 2
Retter, rf.	1 0 1 0 0 0
	37 4 10 27 15 7

*Only one man out when winning run was made.

Score by Innings:

San Jose 0 0 0 0 1 2 1-4

Los Angeles 0 2 0 0 0 0 1-3

Earned runs—Los Angeles 1, San Jose 2.

Two-base hits—Cantillion 1, Lohman 1, McBride 1, Niles 1, Twitchell 1.

Three-base hits—Lohman.

Struck out—By Mauck 3; by Fisher 2.

Base on balls—Fisher 1.

Hit by pitcher—Mauck 1.

Stolen bases—Spear, Cantillion and Klopf.

Double play—Taylor to Twitchell.

Umpire—Stockwell.

Today will be the last chance to see the San Jose Club play the locals. All of the other games have been very interesting and closely contested. Capt. Twitchell feels confident that he can carry away with him another victory, but the locals think they lost yesterday's game through bad luck and will get even today.

For the championship game the Franks Wilsons and the Trilbys will play a game for a purse of \$50. Shaw and Carroll will be the battery of the Trilbys and Tyler and Chapman for the Wilsons. The first game will be called at 1 o'clock and the professional game immediately after the amateur game.

WHO THREW THE BOTTLE?

Police Officer Bob Stewart Has a Narrow Escape.

Bob Stewart, the able-bodied and likewise amiable colored man who has been a bright and shining light on the police force these many years, came very near having his light put out Friday night. Bob is black and the night was dark. He was therefore invisible to the man who opened a window on the fourth floor of the Nadir Hotel and dropped a beer bottle into First street, where Officer Stewart was walking his beat. The bottle narrowly missed the officer's head, and was shattered into a thousand pieces on the pavement. The proverbial thickness of an African's skull would scarcely have been proof against the impact of a bottle dropped from the seventh floor of the Nadir Hotel and shattered on the cranium. It would have disfigured his good looks for life, at least. He went into the hotel and tried to find out who threw the bottle, but was unable to discover the culprit. Bob considers that he had a very narrow escape and vows that he will make it hot for the man who endangered his life, if he ever runs across him.

COLLAPSED SCAFFOLD.

Two Carpenters Badly Hurt Yesterday Morning.

The scaffolding for a new house at Thirtieth and Main streets collapsed yesterday, precipitating two carpenters, D. H. Hutchinson and Q. L. Spaulding, to the ground. They fell from the top of the second story, but their fall was broken by braces which they struck in their descent. Both men were badly injured, Hutchinson having one of his ankles broken and being hurt internally. His injuries may result fatally. The men were taken to their homes in the patrol wagon and surgical aid sent them. Spaulding lives on East Twenty-eighth street, and Hutchinson at No. 551 Gladys avenue. Hutchinson had a similar accident about a year ago, at which time he had the same ankle fracture.

A Boy Burglar.

A small boy named Frank Kruse, alias Fallon, was arrested yesterday morning by Thomas Mersch, watchman at Turn Verein Hall, and booked at the Police Station for burglary. The boy is accused of having broken into a room of Turner Hall and stolen a sweater. He was arraigned before Justice Morrison, who released him on his own recognizance, pending examination.

A Broadside

Of prices only proves once more the mastery of this store in the selling of honest and worthy drugs. Anything short of the freshest, purest, best cannot find a place here—anything short of the very lowest cash prices will not answer in this store.

Drug Miscellany.

Standard articles. You are not asked to take something else "just as good" when you call for these.

Physician's and Surgeon's Soap.	10
Horsfall's Acid Phosphate.	.40, .75
Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient.	.40, .75
August Flower.	.60
Rex Extract Beef.	.65, .85
Hostetter's Bitters.	.65
Paine's Celery Compound.	.60
Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.	.75
Hall's Catarrh Cure.	.50
Warner's Kidney and Liver Cure.	.85
Pierce's Favorite Prescription.	.75
Pierce's Medical Discovery.	.75
Cuticura's Reagent.	.75
Cuticura's Salve.	.40, .65
Kennedy's Discovery.	1.10
Kings' Discovery.	.40, .75
Diamond Dyes.	10c 8 for .25
German Dyes.	10c 8 for .25
Scott's Emulsion.	.60
Bisby's Emulsion.	.60
Philbin's Emulsion.	.75
Angier's Emulsion.	.75
St. Jacob's Oil.	.85
Wizard Oil.	.40, .75
Ayer's Hair Vigor.	.65
Hall's Hair Vigor.	.65
Root's Peerless Hair Restorer.	.50
Castoria.	.25

Munyon's Remedies.

We are the fountain-head for these goods in Los Angeles. No other explanation is needed for these prices.

Munyon's \$1 Remedies we sell at.	... \$.75
Munyon's 50c Remedies.	.40
Munyon's 25c Remedies we sell at.	.20

Infant Foods.

As prices go here so they go all through the store; even wholesalers don't understand.

Malted Milk.	40c, .75, \$1.00
Mellin's Food.	.85, .55
Eagle Condensed Milk.	.15

Medicinal Liquors.

Only the best brands, especially for the sick-room.

Old Homestead Whisky.	\$1.00
Canadian Club Whisky.	\$1.00
Bass Pale Ale, 25c; or per doz.	\$2.25

Rubber Goods.

The maker's guarantee on every article.

Hot Water Bottles, 2-quart.	65
Hot Water Bottles, 3-quart.	.70
Fountain Syringes, 2-quart.	.65
Fountain Syringes, 4-quart.	.75
Rubber Gloves, per pair.	.90

Abdominal Supporters.

For both men and women.

Light, easy, comfortable.	\$2.00
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Ideal Face Powder.

Pure, delicate, refreshing; samples free; price.....

	.35
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H. M. Sale & Son,
220 S. Spring st.NILES PEASE,
Furniture and Carpets.

Just arrived

A Carload of artistic Parlor Pieces and Parlor Tables.

A Carload of beautiful Sideboards and fine Extension Tables.

A Carload of Roll Top and Flat Top Office Desks.

A Carload of Linoleum and Oilcloth.

These goods, with a full stock of everything in our line, we are selling at very reasonable prices, with extra inducements to cash purchasers.

337-339-341 South Spring Street.

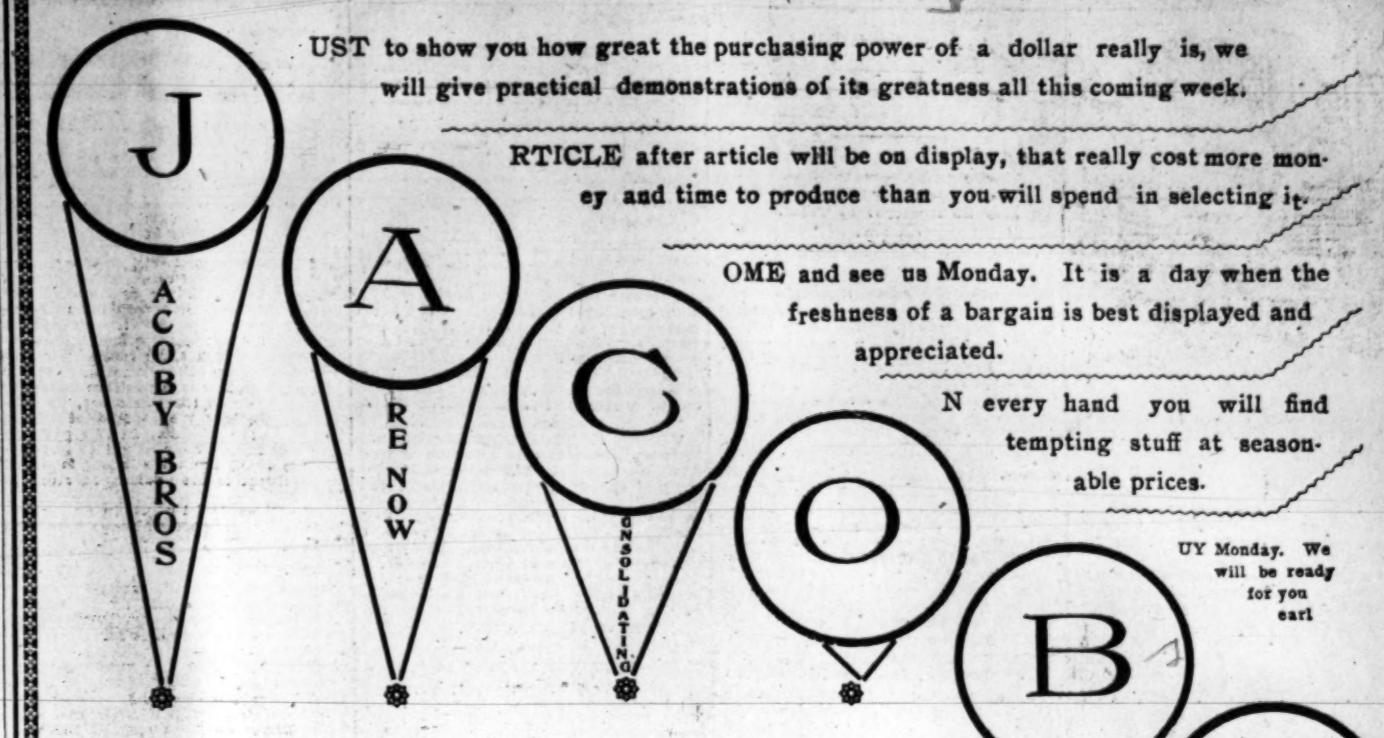
UST to show you how great the purchasing power of a dollar really is, we will give practical demonstrations of its greatness all this coming week.

RTICLE after article will be on display, that really cost more money and time to produce than you will spend in selecting it.

OME and see us Monday. It is a day when the freshness of a bargain is best displayed and appreciated.

N every hand you will find tempting stuff at seasonable prices.

UY Monday. We will be ready for you early



BROTHERS.

Wish to deliver a message to every boy and girl in Southern California, and we want you every one to tell this message to your father and mother and all your relations. We will soon send you an invitation to spend the happy, gladsome Holidays with us. Keep watch of the papers; ask papa or mamma to read you what Jacoby Bros. are going to do this Christmas time. Keep on your tip toes, with eager expectancy your little eyes will dance with gladness. Keep them on our store, 128 to 134 North Spring Street.

Monday Among The Men's Furnishings.	Monday Among The Shoes.	Monday Among The Hats.
You must not "guess" these are bargains; you must see them and KNOW. Next thing to you is your underwear.	The consolidation of two such shoe rooms as we have requires that we do some great shoe selling. WE HAVE; we must do more. WE WILL. In order to do so we must make it interesting to you. WE SHALL.	Don't just "think they are pretty good hats"; buy one and find out how good they are and how easy they feel.
33-70 Men's Blue Gray Mixed-wool Underwear.	INFANTS' SHOES. Dongola Kid, worth 8c; at.....	Men's Black Fedoras; more fur at.....
B-147—Men's Golden Bibriggan Underwear.	75c	Men's Derby Hats, in nobly, correct shape; at.....
To 43—Men's Derby-ribbed Wool Underwear.	75c	Another good one at \$1.50.
V-1		



SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY

A BABY WAS BURNED TO DEATH AT HESPERIA.

The City Library a Popular Institution—Not Much Damage Done by the Wind—A Baby's Narrow Escape from Drowning.

SAN BERNARDINO Nov. 18.—(Regular Correspondence.) An eight-months-old baby was so badly burned in a fire at Hesperia yesterday afternoon that it died soon after being brought to this city for medical treatment. The little one was the child of Mr. and Mrs. J. Murphy of Hesperia. Murphy is the Southern California section foreman at that place, and was away from home at the time the fatal fire occurred. The Murphy cottage is but a short distance from the postoffice, and shortly after noon yesterday Mrs. Murphy wishes to go to the office on an errand. There was no one with whom to leave the baby, which had just waked from its midday nap, so Mrs. Murphy tucked it up in the cradle, and thinking no harm could befall it in the short time which would be required in going to the office, let the housekeeping—an older child, a five-year-old boy, along with her. She went on her errand, and, returning ten minutes later, what was her horror to see the cottage wrapped in flames, and great volumes of smoke rolling up, while neighbors were coming in every direction to assist in what property they might be able to snatch from the flames, not dreaming that they would have an opportunity to rescue a baby from the fire.

Before the mother had arrived at the house, frantic with fear for the safety of her child, the neighbors who had gone to the fire, and the child, the neighbors who had just come from the fire, were quickly gathered around the cradle and wrapped in quilts and blankets, and the flames smothered. But it was soon seen that the child was badly burned, and even if it had avoided inhaling the smoke, the burns about its head and arms were so severe that against the advancing flames, were very severe. The west-bound overland was almost due, and, as there was no physician nearer than this city, 36 miles away, the child was hastily wrapped in cloths moistened with such soothng lotions as were at hand, and Mrs. Murphy hastened with it to the train and came on to this city, arriving between 4 and 5 o'clock.

The railroad surgeons, Drs. Hazleff & Baylis, had been notified by telegraph, and met Mrs. Murphy at the station, telling her to direct them to the office where the child's burns were treated, and everything done that could be done to make it more comfortable. It was then removed to the home of Dr. T. T. Hayes, at 249 D street, but it grew worse, and, just at dusk of evening, it died.

THE CITY LIBRARY.

The city library in a new location is a very popular and beneficial institution. Judge F. W. Grinnell, president of the board of trustees, says that not many of our citizens know how great is the use made of our public library. The librarian says that there are 1851 members. That number of members, old and young, have taken the trouble to qualify as members by getting responsible bonds to enter into the bond required before books are taken from the library, as a guarantee for the return of the books. The librarian says that on some days as many as 135 have been taken to the homes of members to be read. Since the readers have been permitted to stand before the shelves and examine the books before making a selection, it is noticeable that there is a great demand for the formerly historical, scientific, and geographical works and books of travel, and a more solid and beneficial class or reading generally. The funds at the disposal of the trustees are limited. The amount of money now being devoted to the library is small and less in amount than Riverside, Pasadena and Redlands provide. Our library building, however, (Mr. Brunn's former residence on Fourth street) is so contrivance and effective with its small but well-kept grounds that one need not blush to compare it with those of our neighbors. There should be more and better books in the library; a larger tax levy and more funds at the disposal of the trustees.

LITTLE DAMAGE DONE.

The high wind which has prevailed for the past four days it was found had wrought considerable damage to the orange crop.

For the information that could not be questioned, the Times-Index this morning telephoned to the packing-houses in Redlands, Highland and Colton, and from each place came the reply that the damage was so small that it could not be expressed in a percentage.

At Redlands, the hardest blow was on Thursday afternoon, when the oranges were rattled about considerably, and some of the seedlings scratched by the thorns, but very few were badly damaged, and to the ground. On Colton, it is reported that there is practically no injury, and unless damage comes from some other source, a magnificent crop will soon be ready for market.

The high wind at Highland was experienced Friday night, but the reports from the orchards is that it was not strong enough to blow off any of the fruit, and but little of it shows any effect of the wind. Highland is so protected by the mountains that the force of the wind has been felt nearly as much out in the valley.

At Colton, they have felt the full force of the wind all week, and for all that but little real damage has been done. Less than 1 per cent of the fruit has fallen, and but very few broken or scattered oranges are on the trees. Those which have fallen would have been graded as culs or chuck fruit, at best.

It is reassuring to learn that so little real damage has been sustained, and orange-growers are correspondingly happy.

A VERY YOUNG HOBO.

In the official record of the proceedings of the Board of Supervisors at Monday's session, the entire amount indited as William Custer's vote to Los Angeles, but behind this is a rather pathetic story of the treatment accorded a boy, who says he was "trying to make his way to Los Angeles. Custer's age

was given at 12 years, and the fact that the Southern California railway carried him on a half-fare ticket is fairly good evidence that his age was not much under-estimated. He was arrested at the Santa Fe yards one night last week, being pulled off a freight train, and was held in custody across the desert. He had happened to strike a train on which some street cars were being brought through to Los Angeles. The canvas sides were fastened down, and he happened to get inside and was in comparative security from the train.

When the train came into the yards in this city, however, he was not so fortunate, since Special Officer Leffen took a peek into that street car where Custer was riding, and forthwith hauled the youth to the ground, and next morning he was up as a hobo on the charge of evading railway fare. He was condemned to the chain gang, and broke rock at the foot of E street for several days until some of the officers brought him to the attention of the Board of Supervisors Monday, and, after ascertaining the details of the situation, voted to pay the fare, and to vote the price of a half-fare ticket to Los Angeles and 50 cents in cash to the boy. He said he had an aunt in that city, and that, being without money, he had started from the East, to beat his way to the Coast.

NEARLY DROWNED.

The sixteen-months-old child of W. H. Cram of East Highlands fell in the Cram & Van Leeuwen ditch which runs near the Crand residence, this morning. Cram, moon, Misses Cram, and following down the ditch about 100 yards found it caught by some debris lodged under a bridge. When taken out it was feared that the life of the child was extinct, but finally efforts to resuscitate proved effectual, and the little fellow is now all right.

THE BIG DEAL.

A deed for the transfer of Harlem Springs from Seth Marshall to F. Kohl was recorded in the office of the United States Court in Los Angeles this morning. It was for \$10,000 and other valuable considerations.

The United States Court in Los Angeles will be called upon some day next week to confirm the sale of the High-mountain tract, which has been negotiated by Riverside, trustee of the First National Bank. It is believed that it goes to the purchaser of the Springs.

SAN BERNARDINO BREVITIES.

Last night was, with two exceptions, the hottest night since the Weather Bureau was established here years ago.

The mercury indicated 72 deg. at the coolest part of the night and even the use of that adjective is mockery. During the night of Aug. 27, 1886, the mercury was 76 deg. when it had been 100 deg. during the day. The lowest point reached on the next night, August 28, was 73 deg. when it had registered 96 deg. during the day. With these two exceptions the mercury has been 100 deg. since the record was kept. That of Aug. 26, 1886, just equalled it, but the thermometer the day before indicated 105 deg. The weather today has been almost as sultry as any day during the summer.

The regulation of the boys of Co. E as to seeking the services of prostitutes is good without saying that military balls are always exceedingly pleasant functions. It is safe to predict that the forthcoming one, to be given Thanksgiving evening will be no exception to the rule.

That being so, the following affairs of the season it is expected to be a decided social success in every way. Over

three hundred invitations have been sent out. The programmes are to be strictly appropriate to the event.

Besides the varied and attractive programmes provided by those having the services of prostitutes, the following will be no exception to the rule. That being so, the following affairs of the season it is expected to be a decided social success in every way. Over three hundred invitations have been sent out. The programmes are to be strictly appropriate to the event.

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KNEELED BEFORE THE POPE.

HOW A PARTY OF AMERICAN TOURISTS WERE RECEIVED BY HIS HOLINESS.

Opportunity of a Lifetime—A Racy Narrative of How Some Went and Were Glad, and Some Refused and Were Sorry—The Scala Regia and the Pontifical Antechamber.

(From a Special Contributor to The Times.)

"How many want to go and see the Pope?"

It was 5 o'clock of a warm Saturday afternoon in Rome, and our party of American tourists had just come in from one of their daily drives through the ruins of the Eternal City. I stood up, on a sofa in the drawing-room of the hotel to ask the question, and thumped violently on the door, for our party was large and vivacious, and to get their undivided attention, even for a moment, was no easy matter. The question was repeated twice, and our purport was general and wood.

Then there was a noisy shout of acceptance and demand to hear more, told them that the Pope had invited them to drop in and see him—an announcement which was hailed with incredulous laughter and applause.

I then rehearsed the episode of the afternoon which had given rise to the question. At 3 o'clock a message was sent to our hotel by the papal secretary, that if somebody representing the American vacation excursion would come to his office an arrangement

ticket-holders. The contest waxed very earnest, and one tall and fervent cleric gymnasius who was given a silent seat to the piano and sang the hotel with "My Country, 'tis of thee," sung as a rousing solo. Amid the turbulent roar of his singing and the hand-clapping that succeeded it, could be heard arguments as to the real significance of the contest—those who took the tickets generally satisfying themselves with the declaration that to bow to Queen Victoria at a reception at Windsor Castle and kiss her hand, would not be acknowledging her as sovereign of the United States. Some at least admitted that the Pope, though he had been born in Saint Peter's, was the high altar with handsome candelabra and six candles, and various rich equipments; over it was a tall canopy of crimson silk. This was evidently the organ, and mass, no organ, and no arrangements for singing, but through the one open window was faintly wafted to our ears the music of the high mass being celebrated in Saint Peter's.

Presently the heavy crimson curtains over the portal nearest the Pope's apartments were drawn aside, and two members of the Swiss guards entered bearing halberds or long axes, followed by four of King Humbert's soldiers.

They were in full uniform, and wore plumed helmets, which they did not remove until the elevation of the Host. They ranged themselves about the altar. Others of the papal body-guard entered, and were immediately followed by four cardinals, and two chamberlains supporting the Pope between them.

Then came the question of the costume required—the "official garb" as a youthful jokester on designating the attire. A question of wigs seemed difficult to solve, because it was late on Saturday night; but a dealer in head-gear speedily heard of the dilemma and invaded the Hotel Minerva with boxes of lace and black tulle. For an hour the ladies bought valiantly, in price from 50 cents to \$10. The gentlemen of the party hurried to find frock coats and white ties. Some hired them from the waiters, some from tailors, and one or two had the audacity to borrow the necessary toggi from disgruntled clergymen who had conducted the necessary exercises in the sun-baked hours in opposition to the fearful signal ring. Some of these crusaders will probably preach next Sunday in coats that have done sufficient homage to the Pope of Rome.

Next morning there was hot haste. Dreams were cut short. Early rising was necessary. Breakfast was at 7, and as each hypothetical penitent appeared in the breakfast room arrayed in mournful toggi, borrowed for the occasion, there was a greeting of good-natured laughter and ironical applause. They were undoubtedly miserable sinners, but the most condescending were the most devout. Everybody had on somebody else's clothes. "Hello! where did you get that?" was the question asked between mouthfuls. They were victims of the rules of the Vatican, and it was amusing to think that the Supreme Pontiff would be pleased to see them.

We arrived in five minutes at the foot of the Royal Staircase, which marks the boundary between the Kingdom of Italy and the "Papal Dominions." On the outside was ranged the file of King Humbert's soldiers and our own guard, sometimes known as "Swiss mercenaries."

The latter, who were very much in evidence in all parts of the Vatican, were in a startling uniform of brilliant yellow and black, military coat, enlivened with a belt of red, and a fullness of yellow knee-breeches accented by two stripes of black hanging loose from belt to knee. The coat sleeves and stockings were similarly striped with longitudinal

and assigned to seats—long backless benches, covered with green brocade. The American pilgrims shortly filed in, wearing badges, bearing banners, and carrying in their hands and under their arms parcels of various articles for the Pope to bless. On each side of the altar they set their two large and handsome American flags—which measured at least four feet by six—and were given seats in front. We restrained an impulse to jump and give three cheers for the flags, and sat still. While waiting for the pontiff to appear we had time to observe the surroundings. We were in a hall perhaps a hundred feet long by fifty wide. It was hung with crimson brocade from ceiling to floor. On the sides, framed in this tapestry, were four large paintings of memorable events in the life of Christ, and the frieze was composed of figures of holy places—Jerusalem, Bethlehem, etc. In the lobby, lining the deepest panels of gold, in front of us was the high altar with handsome candelabra and six candles, and various rich equipments; over it was a tall canopy of crimson silk. This was evidently the organ, and mass, no organ, and no arrangements for singing, but through the one open window was faintly wafted to our ears the music of the high mass being celebrated in Saint Peter's.

The Puritans were disgusted. They had missed one of the sights of a lifetime. They might have seen the ruler of the greatest empire of the world, without kissing his little satin slipper or his mystical signet ring—without performing any osculation or pledging any al-

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IN PURSUIT OF CHIEF JOSEPH.

GEN. MILES RELATES A CHAPTER FROM HIS EXPERIENCE AS AN INDIAN FIGHTER.



Contributed by Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A.

NOTE.—This paper will form part of a book about to be published by Gen. Miles, entitled "From New England to the Golden Gate."

In the summer of 1877 information was received through unofficial reports and newspaper accounts of threatened hostilities on the part of the Nez Perces Indians in Idaho.

The Nez Perces Indians had lived from time immemorial in Idaho; and up to that time it had been their boast, that no Nez Perce had ever taken command of a tribe, and that none could not be said that no white man had ever killed a Nez Perce.

From our first acquaintance with them through the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, they had been exceedingly friendly to white explorers and identified with the old story of desire on the part of the white people to occupy Indian land.

They caused the serious trouble that occurred during that year, followed by the usual result. They were compelled to move westward.

Chief Joseph told me afterward that his father, before his death, called him to his bedside and counseled him never to sign a treaty giving up the Walla Walla

did by subsequent reports. After Gen. O. O. Howard's command, Gen. Miles assumed command of the latter.

The information that I had received, both official and unofficial, of the movements of the troops and also of the Nez Perces Indians gave me also the information that the Nez Perces Indians had been sent out to the front and scouts with directions to go on until they found some sign of the Indians and then to come in on my line of march and make reports, thus covering the country from the head of the Snake River to the mouth of the Columbia.

On the 17th of September, standing on the right bank of the Yellowstone River and looking toward the west, I noticed a dark object moving along the high bluffs of the western horizon, which as it gradually came nearer, proved to be a single trooper riding a horse down the trail nearly opposite to where I was standing, and as he wound his way along down the steep bluffs, I observed that he was a cavalryman, possibly a bearer of dispatches. He came to the head of the opposite side of the mountain, dismounted and saluted; and then I recognized him as one of the cavalrymen from Gen. Sturgis's command. So far as I could see, he was mounted on a horse which was undoubtedly weak, and his body fell into the whirlpools of the deep and turbulent Missouri, and was carried down the river and drowned in the treacherous waters before he could reach either shore. His body and that of his horse were found many miles below some week later.

Part of our band of Indian allies that went out as scouts moved along beside the column apparently indifferent and listless, yet taking the greatest care of their band of war ponies, which they were driving in fine condition for serious service. They themselves were mounted on very indifferent ponies and mules, and some of them wearing old hats and coats and very ordinary Indian clothing. But the sudden and instantaneous transformation of these warriors when the came in close proximity to the enemy was startling and most interesting.

GETTING ACROSS THE MISSOURI.

Reaching camp six miles from the Missouri on the evening of September 23, and desiring to take every chance of getting my command across the deep and turbulent waters of this great river, I called upon the Indians to give me an officer who would ride forward and detain any steamer that might be either ascending or descending the Missouri.

The horses of the Seventh Cavalry had just been turned out to graze after a very long and a most difficult forced march.

In spite of the fact that he must have been very tired, Lieut. Biddle quickly responded that with the approval of Capt. Hale he would go. I replied that I would be very glad if he would take only two men and ride forward rapidly for the purpose.

He had his horse saddled at once, and accompanied by one soldier, in less than ten minutes he was disappearing from our view as he dashed at a gallop down the valley. I could not anticipate at that time that the terrible tragedy that awaited him in the future these two enterprising and splendid officers. I do not think that Lieut. Biddle drew rein until he stood on the bank of the Missouri, just in time to fall the last regular steamer going down the river.

As a result of taking advantage of the opportunity offered by the enterprise of the young officer, he sent word back that night, and when we reached the Missouri next morning we found the steamer tied up at the bank awaiting us.

The next morning found us at the bank of the river, and I immediately crossed over the battalions of the Second Cavalry under Capt. Tyler. This was done for a double purpose: one was that they might move along the left bank and prevent the Nez Perces from crossing in any number above, and the other that they might continue on to the northwest, where I had been ordered to send a battalion of cavalry to escort Gen. Terry on his peace commission to meet Sitting Bull with the Canadian Indians and the Sioux on the Canadian line.

The balance of the command was moved up the river a short distance above the mouth of the Musselshell, and as all information I had received up to that time indicated that the Nez Perces were still fifty or seventy-five miles south of the Missouri, I decided to move up the north bank of that river and intercept them.

A STEAMER DEPARTS TOO SOON.

As I could not detain the steamer any great length of time, I gave permission for it to continue its journey down the river.

Capt. Baldwin, one of the most efficient of officers, who had been worn down by hard service, was by the advice of the surgeon, instructed to go to the steamer and remain with it, and to hurry forward the steamer with the supplies, which I had ordered up before leaving the cantonment on the Yellowstone.

As our command was being prepared to march to the West, and while the steamer was but a short distance away, the Indians suddenly appeared.

Then began some sharp fighting between the Indians and the troops under Gen. Howard. The Indians were retreating east over the mountains, up what is known as the Solo and Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone, and thence east, the latter being known as Big Hole Basin, where they were overtaken by the command of Gen. Gibbon.

Then began a sharp and desperate fight, in which the Indians were retreating east over the mountains, up what is known as the Solo and Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone, and thence east, the latter being known as Big Hole Basin, where they were overtaken by the command of Gen. Gibbon.

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THE VICTORY OF THE GRAND DUKE OF MITTENHEIM.

CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

King Rudolf, being in the worst of humors, had declared in the presence of all the court that women were born to plague men, and for no other purpose whatsoever, under heaven. Hearing this discourteous speech, the Princess Ora rose and said that, for her part, she had been walking along by the river outside the city gates, where she would at least be assailed by no more reproaches. For since she was irrevocably determined to live and die unmarried, of what use or benefit was it to trouble her with embassies, courtings or proposals, either from the Grand Duke of Mittenheim or anybody else? She was utterly weary of this matter of love, and her mood would be unchanged, though this new suitor were as exalted as the King of France, as rich as Croesus himself, and as handsome as the god Apollo. She did not desire a husband, and there was an end of it. Thus she went out, while the Queen sighed, and the King fumed, and the courtiers and ladies said to one another that these dissensions made the King less attractive at Strelau, and the ladies further adding that he would be a bold man who married Ora, although doubtless she was not ill-looking.

To the banks of the river outside the walls then she went; and as she went she thought of all the men she had seen in all the world, least of all of whom she might chance to meet there on the banks of the river, where in those busy hours of the day few came. Yet there was a strange, new light in her eyes, and there was a new understanding in her mind, and that a young peasant wife came by, her baby in her arms, Ora stopped her and kissed the child, and gave money, and then ran on in unexplained confusion, laughing and rustling as though she had done something to be proud of, with a smile on her face. Then, without reason, her eyes filled with tears, but she dashed them away, and burst suddenly into singing. And she was still singing when, from the long grass by the river's edge, a young man sprang up, with a very long, dark beard, to let her pass. He had a book in his hand, for he was a student at the University, and came there to pursue his learning in peace; his plain brown clothes spoke of no wealth or station, though certainly they set off a slender, straight young man, seem to match well with his bright brown hair and hazel eyes. Very low this young man bowed, and Ora bent her head. The pace of her walk slackened, grew quicker, slackened again; she was past him, and with a great sigh he lay down again. She sprang up, she sprang up; she spoke coldly, yet kindly: "Sir," said she, "I cannot but notice that you lie every day here by the river, with your book, and that you darling! Tell me your trouble, and if I can I will relieve it."

"I am a poor student, Madame," he answered, "I am Helen of Troy, and I am amiable, because she is dead."

"It is an old grief by now," said Ora, smiling. "Will no one serve you but Helen of Troy?"

"If I were a prince," said he, "I need no wife."

"No, sir."

"No, Madame," he said with another bow.

"Farewell, sir."

She turned her way and saw him no more till the next day, nor after that till the next day following; and then came an interval when she saw him not, and the interval was not less than twenty-four hours; yet still he was of Helen of Troy, and he was a student again, though he was dead.

"Because I would then go to Strelau, and so forget her."

"But you are at Strelau now," she cried with a wonderful surprise.

"Ah, but I am no Prince, Madame," said he.

"Cam Prince alone forget in Strelau?"

"How should a poor student dare to forget in Strelau? And he was spoilt by his mother, near her, and stood close looking down into her face. Without a word she turned and left him, going with a step that seemed to dance through the meadow and yet led her to her own chamber, where she slept.

"I know it now, I know it now," she whispered softly to night to the tree that rose by her window. "Heigh-ho, what am I to do? I cannot live; no, and now I cannot die. Ah, me, what am I to do? I will be a peasant girl again, though I will be poor. Ah, yes but he would," and her long laugh rippled in triumph through the night, and blended with the rustling of the leaves under a summer breeze, and she stretched her white arms to heaven, imploring the kind God with prayers that she dared not speak even to His pitiful ear.

"Love knows no Princesses, my Princess." It was that she heard as she fled from him next day. She should have killed him. But for that she must have died; and to die, she had not dared. Yet she must rebuke him. She must see him again in order to rebuke him. Yet all this while she must be pestered with the court of the Grand Duke of Mittenheim! And when she had seen him again, on which the embassy should come, and declared that he would himself set a date for it. Was his sister mad, he asked, that she would do nothing but walk every day by the river's bank.

"Surely she must be mad," thought Ora, "for no sane being could be at once so joyful and so piteously unhappy."

Did he know what it was he asked? He seemed to know nothing of it. He did not speak a word more now of Princesses, or of Helen of Troy, or of Ora, save of his heart's queen; and when his eyes asked love, they asked as though none would refuse and there could be no cause for refusal. He would have wooed her, his neighbor's daughter; though he had the sister of King Rudolf. "Will you love me?" was his question, not. "Though you love, yet dare you own your love?" He seemed to shut the whole world from her, leaving nothing but her and him. The world that held none but her and him she could love, unblamed, untroubled, and with no trembling.

"You forget who I am," she faltered once.

"You are the beauty of the world," he answered smiling, and he kissed her hand, a matter about which she could make no great ado, for it was not the first time that he had kissed it. But the embassy from the Grand Duke of Mittenheim to the court of the King was already on the way, carrying proposals and gifts. Therefore Ora went pale and sad down to the river bank that day, having declared to all the world, "she would live and die unmarried. But the King, she laughed again. Surely she needed kindness and consolation that sad day; but fate had kept by her a crowning sorrow, for she found him also almost dead. Least she could not tell whether he were sad or not. For she smiled and yet seemed ill at ease, like a man who

ventures a fall with fortune, hoping and fearing. And he said to her:

"Madame, in a week I return to my own country."

She looked at him in silence with lips just parted. For her life she could not speak; but the sun grew dark and the river changed its merry tune to mournful dirges.

"So the dream ends," said he. "So comes the awakening. But if life were all dream?" And his eyes sought her's.

"Yes," she whispered, "if life were all a dream, sir?"

"Then I should dream of two dreams whose dream was one, and in that dream I should see them ride together at least."

"With pleasure," she murmured.

"To Paradise," said he. "But the dream ends. If it did not end?" He paused.

"If it did not end?" a breathless long-winded echoed.

"It did not end now, it should not end with death," said he.

"You see them in your dream? You see them riding?"

"Aye, swiftly, side by side, they two alone, in the morning. None is not none now."

He seemed to be searching her face for something that yet he scarcely hoped to find.

"And their dream," said he, "brings them at last to a small cottage, and there they live."

"And work," he added. "For she keeps his home while he works."

"What does she do?" asked Ora, with smiling, wondering eyes.

"She goes to meet him when he comes in the evening, and makes a bright fire, and is warm."

"Ah, and she runs to meet him at the door—oh, further than the door!"

"But she has worked hard and is weary."

"No, she is not weary," cried Ora.

"It is for him!"

"The wise say this is silly talk," said he.

"The wise are foolish," cried Ora.

"So the dream would please you, Ora?"

"She had come not to know how she left him; somehow, while he still spoke, she would suddenly escape by flight. He did not pursue, but let her go. So now she returned to the city, her eyes filled with that golden dream, and she set off at once, straight and bold, seem to match well with his bright brown hair and hazel eyes. Very low this young man bowed, and Ora bent her head. The pace of her walk slackened, grew quicker, slackened again; she was past him, and with a great sigh he lay down again. She sprang up; she spoke coldly, yet kindly: "Sir," said she, "I cannot but notice that you lie every day here by the river, with your book, and that you darling! Tell me your trouble, and if I can I will relieve it."

"I am a poor student, Madame," he answered, "I am Helen of Troy, and I am amiable, because she is dead."

"It is an old grief by now," said Ora, smiling. "Will no one serve you but Helen of Troy?"

"If I were a prince," said he, "I need no wife."

"No, sir."

"No, Madame," he said with another bow.

"Farewell, sir."

She turned her way and saw him no more till the next day, nor after that till the next day following; and then came an interval when she saw him not, and the interval was not less than twenty-four hours; yet still he was of Helen of Troy, and he was a student again, though he was dead.

"Because I would then go to Strelau, and so forget her."

"But you are at Strelau now," she cried with a wonderful surprise.

"Ah, but I am no Prince, Madame," said he.

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Give no account of how you came by it, and say nothing of who you are. At that is necessary in the letter. When you have given it, return and remain in close hiding until you hear from me again."

The second officer bowed. The man at the table rose and went out into the street. He took his way to where the palace rose, and there he stopped to look across the river. The sun grew dark and the river changed its merry tune to mournful dirges.

"So the dream ends," said he. "So comes the awakening. But if life were all dream?" And his eyes sought her's.

"It is well. You can go," said he. "Madame, in a week I return to my own country."

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DOMESTICATING
A BLACK SNAKE.

BULKS AND STARVES HIMSELF FOR THREE MONTHS AFTER CAPTURE.

Now He Eats from His Master's Hand and Follows Him About for Food Like a Dog—Out of the Cage into the Room.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

Of all the snakes of North America the black racer is probably the most difficult to catch, for a racer indeed he is, and a very fleet one at that. If you see him at all, it is but for an instant. As soon as you attempt to approach him he is off like a flash and lost in the bushes or grass, or in some darksome retreat in the rocks, whence, as soon as you are gone, he will again emerge, to bask in the sunshine and wait for birds, which, as they come flitting about him, he snatches on the wing. If the ground be rough it takes a good runner to catch up with him, and when you do overtake him he will turn at bay and bite fiercely the hand that would grasp him. I have never taken one yet without being well bitten for

me, and vibrating his tail as a rattle he does his tail seeming to be a sort of living electrode through which he discharged the intensity of his excitement. Sometimes in his fury his tail beat against the walls of the box with a noise that was audible all over the room, or even outside in the porch. Finally, finding no outlet to cover with the front of the cage lest he should injure himself by striking against the glass. After a week of dark confinement I removed the covering, and gave him some water in a little dish, for he had spilled what had been at first supplied him, and he remained in the cage, but refused to drink, staying bulkily coiled in a corner of the cage watching me with glistening eyes and threatening me with tongue, as if daring me to approach him. I left the room, closed the door behind me, and watched him through the keyhole. When he had turned him about he gilded east about, crossed his head over the glass, approached the water and drank copiously; never taking his head out of it for probably two or three minutes. I found when he had finished that he had taken an ounce of water.

Thinking he might eat as well as drink, I put it in to him some toads and frogs. Four days afterward they were there, still untouched, so I took them out and gave them to other snakes whose tempers did not interfere with their appetites.

Week after week passed by, and I



HE TURNED AND BIT MY WRIST REPEATEDLY.

my boldness, but as the bite is harmless I make small account of the punctures of his tiny teeth, which barely pierce through the skin.

CATCHING THE SNAKE.

In May, 1883, wishing to secure one for my collection, I went out to Montclair, N. J., where I had heard they were still to be found. Not expecting one in the vicinity of the houses I went toward the wooded lands of Upper Montclair. Meeting with some boys and telling them of the object of my hunt, they expressed a desire to accompany me. They said that they had seen one some hours previously quite near to the town. They had not molested it, but had watched him until he glided into a pile of stones close to a ruined house.

"Come back there," said I, "and perhaps we may see him. If necessary I'll remove every stone to get at him."

Delighted at the prospect of a catch, he and a whole troop of thirteen boys accompanied me. Beneath the old house, which had run lengthwise from north to south, there had been formerly two deep cellars. The stones of the walls had tumbled in the cellars, and the boys, with an accumulation which from the ground level above at the western side stretched down in a sloping heap half way across the floor of the excavation. This stone heap was an excellent hide-out, for it was, as it was covered over with spine covered briars, my heart sank at thoughts of removing it. It was on the bank just above that the boys had seen the snake, and although they pointed another, as the place of his retreat, I felt sure that he had ultimately hidden himself away in the safer retreat in the old cellar. Thinking that he might now be out sunning himself among the briars, even quite close to us, although we couldn't see him, I took a boy on my back and a line along the eastern side of the ruins.

For three or four minutes we stood there, motionless, silent and watchful. I myself was the first to see him, coiled in the sun on the top of the briars covering the stone heap in the cellar. As he lay he was half hidden, but as we were moving round along to the western side, and moving as slowly as possible, I tried to stealthily approach him within grabbing distance. But when I got within five yards of him he flew out of his coil like a released spring, and so suddenly vanished that neither myself nor any of the boys could tell where he had gone to, though every eye had been upon him. I sent one of the lads down into the old cellar to try if they could see him. "Yes! Here he



EXPLORING THE CEILING.

went along the carpet, taking refuge in a corner under a table, and staying there at bay, with his tail vibrating in a spiral, the better to give him power to strike. His intense blackness of coat, his jet-like eyes and quivering tongue made him a striking picture. Taking a long stick I tried to dislodge him, whereupon he bit it fiercely two or three times, and then gilded off somewhere else to repeat the same tactics of defense and defiance.

Wishing to observe his movements if left in quietness, I sat myself down in an arm chair and watched him patiently. After ten or twelve minutes he began to gild around the room, evidently searching for a hole. Finding none, he climbed up on a chair, coiled himself on the back of it, and began stretching his neck upward toward the gas branch, with an apparent wish to get higher. To accommodate him I took a piece of quarter-inch rope, with which to connect the gas branch with the chair.

As I moved he was gone on the instant, and hid himself entirely out of sight beneath a bureau. I made the connection, tying one end of the rope to the gas branch and the other to the chair, drawing the gas pipe rope which slanted upward at an angle of about 45 deg. Then I went back to my chair. I had to wait there motionless fifteen or twenty minutes before he again ventured out. He came forth very slowly, facing with his tongue every object as he passed. Once he had made the circuit of the room, and at last found his way to the chair. Up he climbed on it as high as he could go. Then he ran himself up on the rope, and by looping his body and neck on each side of it, and occasionally taking a turn around it, he began to ascend. His progress was slow but continuous. Soon his tail was free from the chair, so that he hung in mid-air, as pretty and self-possessed a rope-climber as one could wish to see. Nor was he long in bridging the distance to the gas branch, for as he drew himself rapidly upward and stretched himself along the horizontal crosspiece. With this, however, he was as good as he could be, for it ascended that also. Near the top of the chair he stopped, and, after a joint or knot, which gave him a certain support to cling to. Around this he coiled himself with body and tail, firmly enwrapping it, while with a foot of his tail he explored the ceiling in his nest of wood. Finding that his further progress was impeded that also. Near the top of the chair he stopped, and, after a joint or knot, which gave him a certain support to cling to. Around this he coiled himself with body and tail, firmly enwrapping it, while with a foot of his tail he explored the ceiling in his nest of wood. Finding that his further progress was impeded that also. Near the top of the chair he stopped, and, after a joint or knot, which gave him a certain support to cling to. 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QUAY AND HIS TOWNSMEN.

THE ANCESTRY, CAREER AND CHARACTER OF A GREAT PENNSYLVANIA POLITICIAN.

Knows the Power of Silence—How the Pennsylvania Senator Spends His Time When at Home—Some of His Political Methods—A Leader in State Politics—Quay in Opposition to the Camerons.

The Senator's Later Political Activities.

(From a Special Correspondent of The Times.)

BEAVER (Pa.) Nov. 8, 1895.—In the winter of 1860 the late Andrew Gregg Curtin declared himself a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. Several other formidable candidates were in the field, and the preliminary canvass proved a close and exciting one. Among those who at this time attached themselves to the fortunes of Gov. Curtin was a young man then hardly known outside of the community in which he lived, but now recognized as one of the greatest political generals of the age—Matthew Stanley Quay. Mr. Curtin, desiring the assistance in Beaver county of some one who could secure the election to the State convention of delegates favorable to his candidacy, was advised by friends in the western part of the State to apply to Mr. Quay, the prothonotary of his county, as the man best adapted to the work in hand. He did so, and in a cordial, manly letter said: "Mr. Quay, to aid his canvass in every way that he could consistently and conscientiously. Mr. Quay, flattered by this appeal, responded by heading a Beaver-county delegation to the State convention pledged to Mr. Curtin. Twenty-five years later when Mr. Quay became a Senator in the Senate, I had this story from Gov. Curtin just before he died—was appealing to his friends throughout the State to give him their support, the letter which he sent to his old leader was written on the back of that which Curtin had sent him, and addressed to him in 1860—a signal illustration of the careful and systematic manner in which Senator Quay plays the game of politics.

Notable men are often studied to best advantage in their private relations with their own people. Senator Quay, who, at the age of sixty-four, has just scored the most memorable triumph of his long career, and who today, doubtless exerts the strongest individual influence of any man in his party, is an exception to this rule. The town of Beaver, where Senator Quay has spent the better part of his life, is one of the most attractive in Western Pennsylvania. It lies on the banks of the Ohio, about an hour's ride from Pittsburgh. In the public square stands an old brick church which has been dedicated and spoiled. Here preached the father of Senator Quay, a man chiefly remarkable to the country because he rescued the elder Harrison's election from what seemed hopelessness. I visited Senator Quay's former law office, where Senator Quay once had his library and received his political visitors. His present home, nearer the railroad, is a plain brick house painted yellow, with a narrow porch in front, a little garden in back, and a small frame extension. But you can see that the occupant of the house has been creeping up. A library has been added to this house, of what seems to be newer brick; and there is again a steep roof, so that the old house may separate themselves from the goats when they come to see the Senator.

The story of Senator Quay is the story of a Western man of the Scotch-Irish race. His father, the offspring of a numerous family, was a country storekeeper and the daughter of a Revolutionary captain, was a Presbyterian minister, strong in the pastoral office, and for some years agent of the Foreign Mission Society and of the Colonization Society. The son was born in Dilworth, a suburb of Philadelphia, settlement on the Harrisburg and Baltimore road, lying in the shadow of the South Mountain. The elder Quay removed to Beaver in 1840, when his son was only a year old.

At a very early age the future Senator gave proof of the shrewdness and boldness that has marked his entire course. One day, when he was about six years old, as he tells the story, his father brought home a pocket Bible and a New Testament, a real one. He might have chosen his sister who had what was left. He chose the Bible, because he knew that his sister would have no use for the sword and that it would eventually come to him.

Young Quay, after studying at Jefferson College, at West Point, and at Louisiana, tried to start a paper in Shreveport, but failed to raise the money; taught school in Texas, fought the Comanches, who were threatening the border, and then to Beaver (where he had lived ever since) he admitted to the bar and made prothonotary—all before the war. Before the war, too, as before stated, he carried the county delegations for the nomination of Gov. Curtin. He went to the front as colonel of the One Hundred and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Infantry. On his surgeon's orders he quit in 1862 for typhoid fever. He had resigned his command, but preparations for Fredericksburg were making, and he determined, in spite of the protest of the brigade commander, and agreed to serve to stay and see it through. "I would rather die like a fool," he said to somebody, "than live like a fool." And he went through the fight with a bayonet, and was a leader for the soldiers in his old regiment on his shoulder. After this, Col. Quay returned from the army, and was made State agent at Washington, to succeed Captain Cameron, later a member of the British Parliament, and continued with Curtin's administration until nearly the close of the war, going from the position of State agent to that of military secretary.

QUAY IN OPPOSITION TO THE CAMERONS.

In 1864 he was elected to the Legislature from the district then composed of Beaver and Washington counties. His previous connection with Curtin had set him in opposition to the Cameron power, and in 1866 he became the Curtin candidate for speaker of the House. The United States Senatorship was given to Edward Cameron, who was serving the last weeks of his term. Gen. Simon Cameron, who had resigned his Senatorship in 1861 to go into Lincoln's Cabinet, and had later been Minister to Russia, was in the contest, the list including also the names of Gov. Curtin, Gen. Moorhead, Thaddeus Stevens,



SENATOR QUAY.

speaker. He is a keen, able, methodical man, who has made politics his life work, and who now has what he has been scheming for years to obtain. He does not believe in a speaking campaign, nor in meetings. He prefers to speak in a few mass-meetings or two, and to keep up the enthusiasm of a campaign, in his opinion, but do not make votes or change results. His policies are "practical." He believes in money, in influence, and in activity without noise. As a party leader, he unites the methods of both the Camerons. Simon Cameron followed a policy of conciliating his enemies, while he rewarded his friends. Equally loyal to his friends, one enemy he could rather cherish than let him conciliate two. The elder Cameron studied the tendency of public thought, and contrived to turn up always at the front, and headed in the same direction; the younger prefers to follow his own judgment and make the other party go with him. Quay has more activity than the father, and less stubbornness than the son; he has the iron hand of the one, and the velvet glove of the other. And he has always had the courage of his convictions.

They say here in Beaver that the first element in Senator Quay is will; the second, infinite patience and genius for details; the third, a great power to compromise differences in his party; the fourth to read the times, and the fifth, to absent and study his books, when there is nothing else to do—for people who opine that the Senator's knowledge begins and ends with politics will, perhaps be surprised to hear that he is an amateur in medicine, books, and deep, his home here in Beaver is that of the student and scholar. There is nothing superficial about it; for the owner abhors mere show. His possessions are all impressive tributes to his study and to the work he has brought them together. His pictures, his statuary and his books have cost him a fortune, and I doubt if there is anywhere in the State a private library equal to that in the modest house in which Senator Quay resides. The old statesman had then been nearly ten years retired from active political life. When Quay rose to go, Gen. Cameron, as he took his hand to say good-by, said: "The way, Quay. If you are a candidate for United States Senator, and I can make a vote or two for you, be sure I will."

Quay said nothing except to express his thanks, for he was not yet ready to announce his candidacy, and his memory must have gone back to the other interview twenty years before, when Cameron had used his influence for the same office, and got a very different result.

A LEADER IN STATE POLITICS.

Quay's political history after his defeat for Speaker of the Assembly, was a varied one, but in the main it is the history of a steady growth in strength

Twenty years afterward Col. Quay went to call on Gen. Cameron at his home, then a residence in the banks of the Susquehanna at Harrisburg. The old statesman had then been nearly ten years retired from active political life. When Quay rose to go, Gen. Cameron, as he took his hand to say good-by, said: "The way, Quay. If you are a candidate for United States Senator, and I can make a vote or two for you, be sure I will."

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THE KEY TO THE SITUATION

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND
bad habits and vice of young men and their disastrous consequences. Young men and old men, who suffer from nervous debility and exhaustion, the wasting away of the vital organs, from hidden drains or interminate habits can readily find relief for body and mind by writing the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 1000 Broadway, N. Y., or to the staff of physicians and specialists who treat at a distance by correspondence or at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, all this class of diseases. Those who suffer from low spirits, irritable temper, a "break-down" nervous system, and such distressing symptoms as backache, dizziness, shooting pains in head or chest and indigestion, sexual excesses or abuses, all the result of exhausting diseases or drains upon the system, will find a permanent cure by taking the special prescriptions sent them from the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. This association of medical men have prepared a book written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice, with 10 cents (in stamps for postage) mailed, in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, parent and guardian in the land.

—If you suffer from Sick or Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, or any derangement of the stomach, Liver and bowels—Dr. Pierce's "Pellet" for a gentle laxative, gently but thoroughly and effectively, they cleanse, renovate and regulate the entire system. One little "Pellet" for a gentle laxative and perfectly harmless: these tiny sugar-coated granules of Dr. Pierce.

Then beat until cold; it will then be thick. Beat in the almonds gradually. Beat in the sifted flour lightly, harding or stirring it as little as possible after the flour is added. Take a cold, the same as sponge cake. In a moderately hot oven; not quite so hot as for bread.

The cake should not be moved, after being put into the oven, until it is done—which may be determined by running a clean spatter of broomstraw into the middle. If it adheres to the straw the cake is done.

Almond cakes may be frosted, if desired, and should be used while fresh.

ITALIAN TEA CAKES.

One pound of fine white sugar.

One pound of eggs.

One and one-fourth pounds of sifted flour.

Carey seeds.

Mix an almond cake. Then put the mixture into a cornucopia and drop it in small round cake onto oiled tins, drop four or five granules on the top of each cake, and bake five or six minutes in a moderately hot oven.

Will be found good enough for American teas.

BETH DAY.

Col. Romero, the Mexican duelist, who appealed from the decision of the lower court, again has had a trial, and is again sentenced as the highest court sustains the sentence of the lower court as to the three years and eight months' imprisonment, but reduces the amount to be paid annually for eighteen years to the family of his wife, Vicente, Vastegui, from \$4500 to \$1000, and relieves him from paying the funeral expenses.

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GOOD COOKING.

Some Old-fashioned but Delicious Dishes.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

English cheese cakes are made in this way:

One pound of curd, from slightly scalded sour milk, drained and pressed dry.

Three-fourths pounds of white sugar.

Three-fourths pound of butter.

Eight eggs.

Julice, or grated rind of two lemons.

Beat the eggs well, and mix the ingredients thoroughly.

Bake in tart shells, or as small pies with an under crust only.

FRENCH SANDWICH.

One-half pound of butter.

One-half pound sugar.

One-half pound flour.

Five eggs.

Mix as for spongecake. This makes a very soft mixture. Bake in a tin with straight—not flaring—sides; something in which the cake can be left until it is ready for use, or at least until it is thoroughly baked. Turn the mixture of the cake mixture on the bottom of the baking tin, and upon this place a layer—about an inch thick—of fruit, washed and dried currants, seeds and chopped nuts, candied fruits, etc., all mixed together. Pour the remainder of the cake mixture over this as evenly as possible and bake in a moderately hot oven. The larger part of the batter should be put upon the top, as it sinks into the fruit. This cake is so rich that it should have great care. It should not be removed from the tin until the day after baking, and should then be placed on a piece of board, or other flat surface.

RATATIERS.

One-half pound of bitter almond kernels, blanched.

One pound of sweet almond kernels, blanched.

One pound of fine white sugar.

Put these articles into a mortar and pound them until they are fine and smooth. Then beat in gradually the whites of eggs, about one dozen will be required, until the mixture forms a smooth paste, thin enough to be squeezed through a cornucopia.

Fill the cornucopia with the mixture, and squeeze it through the hole at the end, into a round tin, which should be dropped onto buttered tins or firm, well-oiled white paper. Dust them with sugar and bake for a few minutes only, in a moderate oven.

The almonds may be blanched by pouring boiling water over them, when after a few minutes, the skins may be easily removed with a coarse cloth, or with the fingers.

Similar to ratatiers, and prepared the same way, are

ROUT CAKES.

Two pounds sweet almonds blanched, and beaten fine with two pounds of white sugar in a mortar. Mixed to a stiff paste with yolk of egg.

Drop the mixture onto fine paper or paper, the same as ratatiers; may be made round, or the same shape as the little cakes known as "lady-fingers."

ALMOND CAKE.

One-half pound of sweet almonds, blanched, and beaten fine in a mortar.

One pound of fine white sugar.

One pound of eggs, eight, unless very large, or very small.

One-half pound of flour.

Beat the eggs and sugar over a stove until slightly warm, just enough to drop from the beater almost like molasses.

HAMILTON BROS.—

239 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Never too late to mend
bad habits and vice of young men and their disastrous consequences. Young men and old men, who suffer from nervous debility and exhaustion, the wasting away of the vital organs, from hidden drains or interminate habits can readily find relief for body and mind by writing the World's Dispensary Medical Association, 1000 Broadway, N. Y., or to the staff of physicians and specialists who treat at a distance by correspondence or at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, all this class of diseases. Those who suffer from low spirits, irritable temper, a "break-down" nervous system, and such distressing symptoms as backache, dizziness, shooting pains in head or chest and indigestion, sexual excesses or abuses, all the result of exhausting diseases or drains upon the system, will find a permanent cure by taking the special prescriptions sent them from the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute. This association of medical men have prepared a book written in plain but chaste language, treating of the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such diseases. The Proprietors of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., will, on receipt of this notice, with 10 cents (in stamps for postage) mailed, in plain envelope, a copy of this useful book. It should be read by every young man, parent and guardian in the land.

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The Climax
Capped.

LL previous records in millinery gathering and millinery selling are as nothing—It's just as easy to make and sell jaunty, natty, becoming Hats as it is to make the slouchy ones—If a store knows how—But only the wisest buying will let one store undermark all others—Only the very closest touch with the halls of fashion will keep one store four or eight weeks ahead of the foremost—Mark well the doings here tomorrow—Catch the fashion flashes—Marching in double-quick price time.

Extraordinary Display of Trimmed Hats at \$8.50
Extraordinary Display of Trimmed Hats at \$6.50
Extraordinary Display of Trimmed Hats at \$5.00
Extraordinary Display of Trimmed Hats at \$4.00

The gathering of flowers, feathers, ribbons, ornaments is the very zenith of all that is choice and seasonable, and every price is touched with a reasonableness that makes this store what it is today.



Lud Zobel,

MILLINER OF STYLE,
219 South Spring Street.

\$7.50 \$10.00

OVERCOATS OVERCOATS

BEST
FOR THE MONEY

OVERCOATS OVERCOATS

\$12.50 \$15.00

NAILS

In the jar in our window will be counted at the

BURBANK THEATER, THANKSGIVING DAY

Nov. 28.

Somebody is bound to get a Columbia Bicycle. We give away two wheels. Have you a guessing blank? Better get some. You may be the lucky one.

BROWN BROS.,
Makers of Low Prices.

CREST
SHOE
\$2.00
and
\$3.00
For MEN and WOMEN
BOYS' \$2; YOUTH'S, \$1.75
LITTLE CHILDREN'S, \$1.50
IT HURTS our competitors to sell this shoe
as the only hand sewed shoe ad
and the only shoe made
and sold for \$2. The
CREST SHOE
is the only hand
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DRAWING-ROOM ARTISTS.

THE SOCIAL STANDING ACCORDED SINGERS IN ENGLAND.

The Duke of Westminster's Courtesy—Ellen Terry Before a Private Audience—An Artist's Experience When Appearing Before the Royal Family.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

It is now more than twenty-five years since Alboni, the famous Italian contralto, who had been commanded to sing at a state concert at Buckingham Palace after having electrified her aristocratic listeners by her beautiful singing, took from her pocket a pair of shears and snipped the red roses that separated the artists from the audience, exclaiming, "There! I have done it!" and what Alboni failed to accomplish in this daring act of a moment, the gradual spread of republican tendencies has since achieved, so that now this fatal dividing-line between the entertainer and entertained—between artist and aristocrat—has become a dead letter. In the great houses of London—which sets the pace for the English-speaking world—there is a great spirit of free-masonry existing between those born great and those who have achieved greatness.

IN GROSVENOR HOUSE.

I have especially in mind the experiences of one of our most popular American vocalists now established in New York, who is a drawing-room and lyric singer par excellence, and has sung in nearly all the great houses in London, and in many in New York, New York, and Chicago.

I have had the good fortune to be present with her at many of these functions, one of the most interesting of which was at Grosvenor House, the London home of the Duke of Westminster. The evening happened to be a most fashionable one, "Starving Dogs," the tickets were a guinea, and, naturally, the audience was one of the smartest of the season.

This must be denied who can enter one of these drawing-rooms and find nothing of the impressiveness and grandeur of state, the dignity of ancestry, surrounded as he is with walls decorated by the hand of a Rubens or Murillo, and the very atmosphere replete with refinement and culture of the drawing-room. In fact, "Starving Dogs" and a uniquely interesting programme were completely forgotten by me in the glowing anticipation of seeing Reynolds's wonderful painting of "Mrs. Siddons, as the Tragic Muse," and Gainsborough's "Mrs. Bute in Blue."

The music room itself was most brilliant with decorations of white and gold, its scintillating chandeliers, and walls entirely covered with huge paintings by Rubens. But by far the most interesting was the performance that afternoon by the Duke of Westminster. Dressed in a plain suit of gray, with blue checked shirt, he himself served tea to the artists, and chatted most graciously and brightly with each and all.

MISS TERRY'S AGITATION.

The most interesting episode of the afternoon's programme was the appearance of Ellen Terry, who was then playing Lady Macbeth at the Lyceum, and who had been moved so greatly by her love of dogs to want to re-enter a room to which she is entirely unaccustomed. The whole world knows how excessively emotional she is, but no one, without seeing it, could believe in the real anxiety which she manifested over this appearance. No school-girl speaking her first "piece" in school, or any person, could have been up and down the artist's room, clutching her beautiful head, studying her verse, and constantly exclaiming that she never did that sort of thing, that she never did that sort of thing, that she never did that sort of thing. But she didn't forget it, neither will any one of those who that afternoon heard that wondrous voice telling forth in a few simple lines a great Indian tragedy. They knew then and know now that very few sensations of their lives were equal to that intensity. The silence which followed was deathly—but when all the lumps in the throats had been swallowed and all the tears wiped away, the applause which followed was electric, and after boating and again, the most glorious lady could only say in the most naive manner, "Ladies and gentlemen, I am very sorry, but that is all I know," and then added laughingly, as she left the stage, "except Macbeth."

WITH ROYALTY.

The courtesy of the Duke of Westminster was only repeated by every notable host or hostess into whose house my friend's beautiful voice took her, and this included the Duke of Fyfe's, Lady Dudley's, Lady Brooks', Countess Cooper's, Lady Goldsmith's, Mrs. Mackay's and many others.

At the Duke of Fyfe's the whole royal family were present, but the only points of etiquette that one had to be sure of were to be seated correctly and to remain standing while any of the royal family stood. The Duke made himself agreeable in every way to the artists who were personally presented to the members of the royal family. It had come to me as a doubtful pleasure to talk with the Princess of Wales, gracious as she is, on account of her increasing deafness. The general impression that the house of the Duke of Fyfe gives one is simply that of being huge, massive, ponderous. Only heavy colors are used in curtains and hangings, which, with colossal pictures and enormous pieces of furniture stiffly arranged, make up the ensemble. One looks in vain for anything suggestive of an air of home comfort, and sees only a highly formal and cold nook, so dear to the heart of every American—perish the thought. And there was ample time for exploring, as the singing did not begin until 11:30.

IN TITLED SOCIETY.

Where one has once made one's self beloved through her art, if she has these qualities, she is more likely to be included in all the social functions which follow, and is often taken into the most intimate relation of guest in the country home as is the case with my friend who, last season, received a charming note from the Duke of Northampton, who owns country houses all over the kingdom, inviting her to a visit of indefinite period at Castle Ashby. On the evening of her singing at Lady Cooper's, who is the daughter of the Duke of Northampton, the Countess waited until after the royal family and other guests had been served, to have a

cosy, chummy little supper with her artist friend.

It is true, it differ materially in our own republican country. In Chicago our lyric friend was royally entertained, and treated quite as the honored guest in the house of Mrs. Potter Palmer, for whom she was engaged to sing—even if in the beginning her breath was quite taken away by seeing a mantelpiece of solid gold jube, which she afterward learned cost \$300,000.

She has already sung at several of the great houses in New York and Newport, including George Gould's, Van Allen's, and many others, and with but one exception has received nothing but the grossest courtesy.

The function in the house of one of the 400 refreshments were served during the singing. And right in the midst of a passionate love song, a funky passed a cup of bouillon within a foot of the singer's nose. But such incidents are nowadays of such rare occurrence that art has only emphasized the fact that art has leveled cost.

SIDNEY ELLIOTT.

VERMIN PROOF.

A NEW FLOOR FOR THE NEW HOUSE.

What Tiles and Hard Plaster Have Done in Driving Out Bugs and Rats—A Clever Housekeeper Can Lay Her Own Tile Floor.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)

It is a cruel memory that men have gone on devising houses as if they desired to range themselves on the side of the invader. An example will suffice.

Some years ago a species of house was put on the market, loudly labeled as having "cabinet finish." By this was understood, wainscoting and other devices of wood-left in the natural color, but duly polished and frequently made illustratively attractive by narrow lines of gilt.

This wainscoting consisted of slender panels put together with little flutes flanked by smaller cracks. Immediately these cracks were pre-empted by Croton bugs, or whatever species held the ground, and the history of constant and indiscriminate warfare is no instance of rapacious and complete. Women have decked themselves with diamonds and sons have sailed yachts out of the proceeds of various "exterminators," but the amount of household drudgery from that source alone is incalculable.

Some of the small kitchens tucked away in odd corners of fine apartment houses are as beautiful as the enchanted caverns in the Black Crook. The floors are laid in mosaic or some species of tesserae, as the architects call such hard floors. The walls are covered, for the most part, with white enamel tiles, their shining purity, their exquisiteness or tint that adapts them to any possible scheme of coloring, are among the triumphs of modern enterprise.

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AT \$1.25	EACH. Bed Comforters, full size, pure white cotton filling in both light and heavy-weights; our price is.....	\$1.25 each
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AT \$2.00	EACH. Bed Comforters, full size, very fine white cotton filling handsome coverings in both sateen and silk; our price is.....	\$2.00 each
AT \$2.50	EACH. Bed Comforters, extra size, pure white sea island cotton, very soft and puffy; our price is.....	\$2.50 each

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A complete stock of Head Rests, in fancy Brocade and hand painted, ranging in price from 12 1/2c to 75c. Also a handsome line of Japanese Silk Tidies, hand painted, 25c each and upward.

Cushions.

A complete line of Sofa Cushions in a great variety of handsome coloring, 50c each and upward.

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A tailor-made double cape of good quality English Kersey, 24 inches long and full sweep, high velvet lined collar; colors, black navy and tan; \$3.75 our price is.....

A double cape of fine imported French Boucle, full sweep and trimmed all around with wide satin band and several rows of stitching; 24 inches long and full sweep; a very dressy wrap. Our price is.....

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Single shawls in all-wool plaids, solid colors; plain centers with striped or checked borders; a new and complete line to select from. Our price is.....

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Shoulder shawls in all-wool plaids, checks and solid colors; 100 different patterns to select from. Our price is.....

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Black Cashmere shawls in both single and double, in all the different grades; our price is.....

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Infants' Outfitting in All the Best Styles.

AT 25c A PAIR. Infants' Knit Booties, of fine lambs' wool, nicely finished with ribbons and edged with silk, in both pure white and dainty colorings; our price is.....

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AT 40c EACH. Infants' Knit Sacks of fine zephyr wool, in either pure white or trimmed with pale blue and pink, an article well worth 50c; our price is.....

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AT 50c EACH. Infants' white Flannel-Sacks, well made and cut with a lay-down collar and full sleeves, neatly trimmed with ribbon bows and silk stitching, always sold at 75c; our price is.....

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AT 30c EACH. Babies' and Children's Bonnets in reds, tans, browns and blue, with high top-knot and edged with lace all around, a good value at 40c; our price is.....

80c each

AT 40c EACH. Babies' Bonnets, of good quality cream honey-comb silk, in all sizes, regular price 50c; our price is.....

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AT 35c TO 50c EACH. Children's all-wool Jersey Caps, in cream, navy, red and black, a fine article for the cool weather to keep the Children warm; our prices are from.....

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Colored Dress Goods.

Scotch Cheviots, double fold, all-wool, in the latest colorings and mingled effects; regular value 40c; our price is.....	25c per yard
AT 25c Habit Cloth, 88 inches wide, all wool, extra weight and fine finish, in plain and mixed colorings, considered good value at 40c; our price.....	35c per yard
AT 35c Novelty Serge, 88 inches wide, all pure wool, extra weight, hand twisted and Cheviot finish; regular value 50c; our price is.....	35c per yard
AT 50c Cheviot Suitings, 88 inches wide, all wool, in fancy plaids, checks and mingled effects; worth 75c; our price is.....	50c per yard
AT 50c Novelty Suiting, 88 inches wide, in shades of brown, green, blue and black, with small silk dots; price in Eastern cities 75c; our price is.....	50c per yard
AT 75c Navy Blue English Diagonal, 52 inches wide, all wool, extra weight and large wale; regular \$1.00 quality; our price is.....	75c per yard
AT 75c Satin Brocatelle, 88 inches wide, in shades of brown, green, blue and red, interwoven with bright colors; value \$1; our price is.....	75c per yard
AT 90c Boucle Suiting, 54 inches wide, all wool, in dark grounds and bright effects of curled Mohair; good value at \$1.25; our price is.....	90c per yard
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AT \$1.50 Imported Suitings, 44 inches wide, all pure wool, in stripes, checks, boucle and novelty weaves; worth \$1.75; our price is.....	\$1.50 per yard

Black Dress Goods.

AT 25c French Serge, all wool, 88 inches wide, fine twill and fast dye; regular price 50c; our price.....	25c per yard
AT 35c Iron-frame Alpaca, 88 inches wide, extra weight and fine glossy finish; worth 75c; our price.....	35c per yard
AT 50c Jacquard Suiting, all wool, 88 inches wide, in stripes, dots and neat patterns; worth 75c; our price is.....	50c per yard
AT 50c Storm Serge, 52 inches wide, all wool, heavy wale and cheviot finish; regular 75c quality; our price.....	50c per yard
AT 50c Boucle Suitings, 52 inches wide, all wool, extra weight and stylish pattern; regular value 75c; our price is.....	50c per yard
AT 60c French Serge, 50 inches wide, all pure wool, fine finish and fast dye; regular \$1.00 quality; our price is.....	60c per yard
AT 75c Figured Soleil, 48 inches wide, all wool, neat design and fine satin finish; worth \$1.00; our price is.....	75c per yard
AT \$1.00 French Broadiot, 52 inches wide, all wool finish and extra weight; regular \$1.25 quality; our price is.....	\$1.00 per yard
AT \$1.00 Priestley's figured Empress Cloth, 42 inches wide, all wool, granite weave and small, neat figure; value \$1.25; our price is.....	\$1.00 per yard
AT \$1.25 Crepon, 46 inches wide, all wool, in rough weave and glossy mohair stripe; good value at \$1.50; our price.....	\$1.25 per yard
AT \$1.00 Crepon, 52 inches wide, in diagonal, Beaver, Cheviots, Boucle, Plaids and Astrakhan; will be sold at \$1.00 to \$6.00 per yard	\$1.00 to \$6.00 per yard

Specials From Our Silk Dept' Rarely Equalled in Styles or Values.

AT 25c 1250 yards 24-inch China Silk, in a magnificent assortment of light, medium and dark colors. Regular value 50c; our price is.....	25c
AT 50c 19-inch Plain and Brocade Satin, in a beautiful variety of evening shades. Regular value 75c; our price is.....	50c
AT 75c 20 and 22-inch Novelty Taffeta and Satin Silks, in an elegant variety of Checks, Stripes, Plaids and Brocades. New designs. Changeable effect. Regular value 75c; our price is.....	75c
AT 75c 21-inch all Pure Silk Black Satin Brocade, in a large variety of neat, pretty designs. Regular value \$1.00; our price is.....	75c
AT 85c 21-inch Black Satin Brocade, superior quality, in an elegant variety of Floral and other new designs. Regular value \$1.10; our price is.....	85c
AT 75c 21-inch all Silk Black Satin Rhadames heavy quality. Perfect color. Pure soft finish. Regular value \$1.00; our price is.....	75c
AT \$1.00 21-inch Novelty Gros-grain Silk, Novelty Taffeta Silk, Novelty Gros de L'ondres Silk, Novelty Peau de Soie Silks, in an elegant variety of exclusive designs, direct importation; our price is.....	\$1.00
AT \$1.00 24-inch Pure Silk, Black Satin Duchesse, extra fine quality and finish, worth \$1.25; our price is.....	\$1.00

Misses', Boys' and Ladies' Hosiery.

AT 15c Children's fast black seamless Hose, extra strong, for school wear, double knees, heels and toes, all sizes from 6 to 10, regular value for 20c a pair; our price is.....	15c
AT 25c Children's 1-1/2 lb Fine Imported Hose, "Hermansdorf dye," just the thing for Misses, double knees, heels and toes, all sizes from 5 to 9, good value for 25c a pair; our price is.....	25c
AT 25c Boys' heavy Corduroy ribb Hose, extra strong and extra long, the only Hose for Boys' school or 'cycle' wear, all sizes from 6 to 10; our price is.....	25c
AT 15c Ladies' heavy two-thread Hose, seamless, fast black, full width and length, these give extra good wear and are cheap at 20c a pair; our price is.....	15c
AT 25c Ladies' fine 40-gauge Imported Hose, "Hermansdorf dye," high spiced heels and toes, very elastic throughout, all solid black or black with white feet, also in fancy ribbons; our price is.....	25c
AT 35c Ladies' real Lisle in plain or Richelleu ribb, also in very fine Cotton 40-gauge Hermansdorf and Onyx dye, also a fine line of black Boots, opera tops, regular value for 50c and 65c a pair; our price is 35c and 50c	35c and 50c

Ladies' Underwear in Unsurpassable Values.

AT 20c Ladies' Egyptian Cotton Ribbed Vests, high neck, long sleeves, taped neck and crochet front; a regular 25c Vest; our price is.....



THE LOYAL SMITH.

THE STORY OF THE SWAMP FOX AND HIS RANGERS.

Little Jason Loved His Country. Proved a Hero Under Fire, Died the British and Did Gallant Service for the Colonies.

(Contributed to the Times) BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In the fall of 1780 there stood at a cross-roads near the fords of the Santee in South Carolina a small blacksmith shop under a large tree.

It was a picturesque spot, one of the prettiest in the district, where the hotbed of rebellion against King George, and on more than one occasion the horses of Marion's men had been shod there. Not only this, but it was the only smithy for miles around, and more than one Tory was compelled to ride to the shop to have his work done by rebel hands.

For Peter Corry stout Peter was the best smith in the vicinity, and when he joined the patriot army the shop fell to his only son, a lad of 15, who had learned how to shoe horses under his father's observing eye.

A BUSY BOY.

Little Jason was a strong boy for his years, and good looking. He had a clear, blue eyes, like his mother's, and a kindly disposition, but, like his father, he was resolute of purpose, and nothing could swerve him from what he thought was right.

The Santee home stood some distance from the humble shop, but near enough to enable the mother to hear the clear, resonant ring of Jason's hammer.

The boy was always up with the lark and his anvil rang all day as he worked, beating out long pieces of iron from the rough but terrible broadswords with which Marion and his rangers were wont to spread terror throughout the British camps.

"They'll stop you one of these days, Jason," said a man one afternoon as the boy blacksmith finished shoeing his horse.

"Who will?" asked the boy.

"Why, these British. They must know that you have been making swords, and when they get a chance at you, you'll be smitten by them," firmly answered Jason. "I work here and don't pretend to be very inquisitive."

Then Col. Weymas, boy—Col. Weymas of the Royal Dragoons.

Jason did not reply.

He had heard of this man, noted for his cruelty to the patriots, and he had often wished that Marion would swoop down on his camp some night and put an end to him.

"The patriot rode away with an admiring glance at the boy standing in the door of his forge under the tree, and Jason presently went back to his anvil.

APPROACE OF THE ENEMY.

For some time the fortunes of war had gone against the courageous Swamp Fox, as Marion was called.

Col. Tarleton, one of the best King's men in the neighborhood, had taken it upon himself to capture Marion and bring him to justice, and to this end had swept across the Santee with an overwhelming force of dragoons. Marion was not prepared to resist such formidable numbers, and, after several engagements, was compelled to retreat toward the mountains of North Carolina.

This retreat left the district entirely at the mercy of the enemy, and, as it was noted for its rebellious people, the British were not disposed to treat the inhabitants with much leniency.

During the retreat, Marion was the blacksmith under the trees kept on. Jason pried the hammer and worked the old-fashioned bellows, now and then whistling as he turned out some ingenious bit of mechanism, but always keeping a keen lookout up and down the road as if he were more than half expected a visit from Tarleton's dragoons.

Every day he heard of new depredations by the enemy, and his ire rose as he listened to stories of pillage told by those who came to him with work.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

It was getting late one afternoon in October, and Jason Corry was at the forge when he heard the rapid gallop of horses, and looking out he discerned a number of red-coats riding toward the shop.

The boy Vulcan was just finishing a shoe, but he kept on till he completed his task and held the shoe in the tub at his left.

As the water sizzled over the heated iron he surveyed the dragoons with more care, noting that they numbered about twenty, and that they were stalwart fellows with new uniforms and well-groomed steeds.

Their sabers clashed as they neared the smithy, and he saw that their leader was looking direct at the place.

In another minute a sharp "halt," spoken by the British officer at the head of the column, and every man to draw rein, and all sat in their saddles in front of the smithy.

"Hallo, there, my little man," cried the officer, who was a fine looking man with a full beard of raven blackness. "You don't seem to be very busy just now."

Jason had stepped to the door with his hammer in his hand and his leather apron on.

He spoke pleasantly to the dragoons, saying: "Good evening, gentlemen," as he bowed, but the next moment some color left his face, for the officer continued:

"We've a little work for you. Two of our horses threw their shins half an hour ago, and we've ridden out of our way to give you a job."

The officer spoke he pointed to the left foot of his own steed, a magnificent black, and threw one leg over the saddle, bowed, and dismounted.

"We understand that you don't like to work for the King's men," the Briton went on, glancing at his trooper with a knowing smile. "But our gold is better than the mere thanks of the impoverished rebels, and we must ride on, and as to overtake this sly fox called Marion, whom we expect to hang one of these days."

From white Jason's face flitted to crimson, and his eyes seemed ajar.

"If that be your intention, you may as well turn tail and ride back, for the Swamp Fox is safe, but you will hear from him again one of these days."

"That's treason—treason against the King," cried the officer. "But, come, we

need several shoes on our horses, so get ready to fill the order and for the first time for a 'little something' for King George."

UNDER FIRE.

The little blacksmith stepped back and from the center of his shop surveyed the dragoons.

The fire in his forge was burning brightly, and in a short time he could fit shoes to the dragoons' horses and send the troop on its way rejoicing.

Jason would be helping the cause of the King, the opponent of the colonists, and he said that he would never shoe a horse for a British soldier.

His father was with Marion, and these dragoons were on the Swamp Fox's trail.

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BIGGEST HORSE SHOW YET

MORE THAN THIRTEEN HUNDRED "BLUE-BLOOD" HORSES.

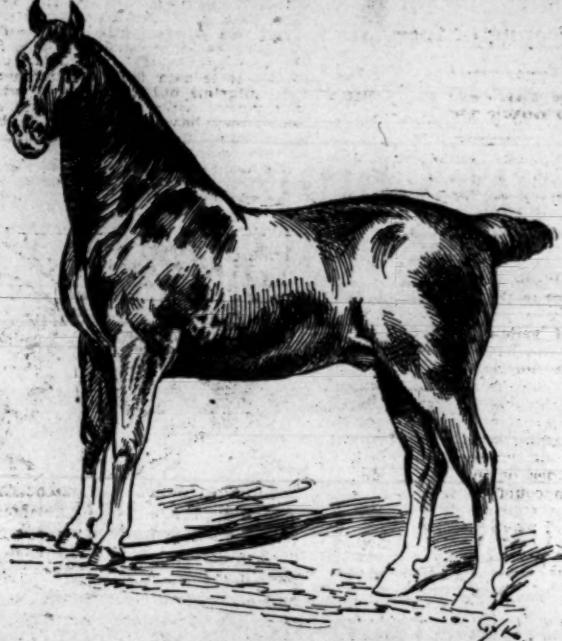
THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS OFFERED IN PRIZES—ALL THE "FOUR HUNDRED" WERE PRESENT—THE STABLES FULL TO OVERFLOWING WITH SPLENDID ANIMALS.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES
NEW YORK, Nov. 15.—When the great doors of Madison Square Garden were thrown open there were nearly seven hundred horses of the bluest blood and most perfect manner to welcome to the opening of the social season the fair dames of metropolitan "society" who always choose the horse show for their first appearance after the out-of-town gayeties of summer. The initial show

will be stall, so as to know the good points of each animal. As it stands, nothing can be done in enlarging the garden, for no more ground can be secured.

The hackneys, as usual, are the feature of the show. The contest this year is for the cup offered by the American Hackney Horse Society, and the entries are, among others, Dr. Park 59 (2652) Cadet 107 (1251) Berker 16 (2366) Rufus, Jr. 26 (3925), the reserve horse last year; Ottawa 109; Barthorpe Performer 194; Maximilian 83; and Langton Performer, the new horse that so many desire to see. There are also two new sidesaddle hackney stallions, with four of their get, and Matchless of Londeesboro and Cadet will fight their battles over again in this class.

The two-year-old stallions include last year's first-prize yearling, Manchester; the third-prize winner, Syntax; and the fourth, Starlight, new ones being Flashlight, Barthorpe Per-



MATCHLESS OF LONDEESBORO.

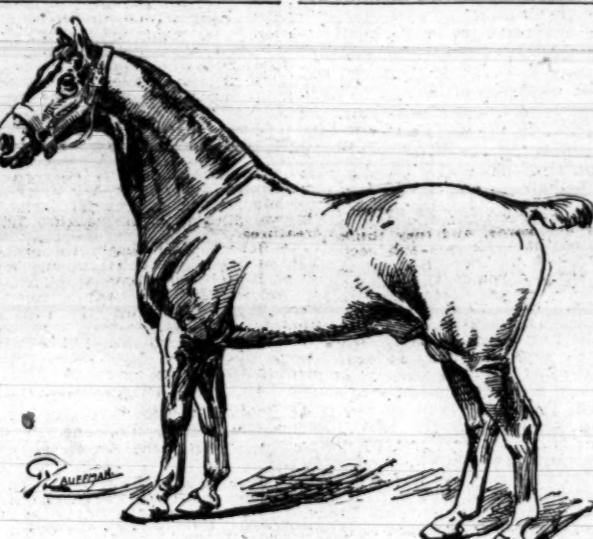
was held in 1883, since which time it has been repeated annually, excepting the years 1887 and 1889. It has been the constant efforts of the directors to weed out, as far as possible, every indifferent animal, and only have as contestants the very best individuals of each class or breed. Cornelius Pelham, president; Col. Lawrence Kip and George Peabody Wetmore, vice presidents; H. H. Hollister, treasurer; John G. Hecksher, secretary, and J. T. Hyde, assistant secretary, can certainly feel a pardonable pride in their work, which has been so successful, as it is recognized the world over as the horse



LORD LOUDON, ONE OF THE HIGH-STEPERS.

show par excellence. This year, more than ever before, it promises to be national in fact as well as name, many of the horses entered coming from as far west as California, while Canada and all the principal horse-breeding sections of the United States are represented on the list.

With an entry-list of over twelve hundred last year, the directors were put to their wits' end where to stable the horses; but it is worse this year, as there are over thirteen hundred, whose owners think they have a good chance to capture some of the prizes going to make up the sum total of \$30,000 offered for competition. The horses are stabled in the basement, and part of the overflow is placed in an addition built on the outside of the garden on Twenty-seventh street, taking up almost two-thirds of that highway. While the stables are set far apart as they are able, stalls in near-by private and livery stables. It is too bad that the Madison Square Garden is not



CADET, 107.

196 Gartenpride, third-prize winner, with such new ones as 314 Pepita, Sweetbriar, Cecile, Iada, and Miss Barol.

In the class for three-year-old stallions, Larie, a first-prize yearling and a first-prize two-year-old, is entered together with Canny Maid, who was second to her last year. Among the two-year-olds are Miuna, Parquette, Lady Mary, Lady Amy, Chesterbrook, May and Rica, fourteen yearlings being shown by the same sires as the colts.

Class for Morgan-bred stallions, a good old breed about so much is said today in the horse world, has been provided, and has Ben Thurston,



THE PEER.

large enough to allow all of the entries to be stabled there, so they can be constantly in view. As it is now, although the arrangements are elaborate and the building infinitely superior to any other similarly used in this country, it is far short of being satisfactory. It is true that all the horses come into the ring at some time or other, but at best this is only a passing glimpse. The horse-lover, and most men and women, for that matter, being passionately fond of man's best friend, desire to go among them and become acquainted with them from

Denning, Allen and Ed Goldsmith among the entries.

Coaching stallions and heavy draught stallions are seen as usual.

The number of entries of delivery wagons is doubled, and nineteenth handome cabs are also entered. This is a step in the right direction. The harness horses, which include park turn-outs of all sorts, show a wonderful increase over all last year, several events having been added to the list.

There are many more and many entries as in 1884. These classes are a bit unwieldy, and the judges have their work cut out for them. Class 57, for horses of the

park type, under 15.2 hands, will bring out a great many good ones. Mrs. T. Saffern Taller has entered her beautiful mare, Gladys; W. Gould Brokaw shows Ruth, who swept the boards at White Plains; George B. Hulme enters Grapeshot; C. E. Bates, Astroboth F. D. Beard, Monarch and John A. Logan.

Goldie, Mr. Logan's entry is to be the well-known trotter of that name, with a record of 3:13. Some of the other notable high-steppers in the reserve horse last year; Ottawa 109; Barthorpe Performer 194; Maximilian 83; and Langton and Cadet will fight their battles over again in this class.

The two-year-old stallions include last year's first-prize yearling, Manchester; the third-prize winner, Syntax; and the fourth, Starlight, new ones being Flashlight, Barthorpe Per-

former, and Wildfire; the yearling stallions numbering eleven from the get of Matchless of Londeesboro, Dr. Park, Bonfire (now in England) and Cadet.

Among the hackney mares represented are 232 Lady Cashier, winner of last year's second prize; 248 Viscountess; 249 Princess Fireaway, first prize winner last year; 369 Ulrica, and

former, and Wildfire; the yearling stallions numbering eleven from the get of Matchless of Londeesboro, Dr. Park, Bonfire (now in England) and Cadet.

The classes for stallions having records of 2:25 or better is very well filled, including William Kelly's Dan Cupid, 2:094; H. C. Watson's Oscar William, 2:124; Rundal & White's Quarter March, 2:14%; C. H. Kerner's Leonidas, 2:17%; George Inch's Podiar, 2:18%; and F. Wennen's Daconis,

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15
DOLLARS.

From Monday morning until Saturday night you will find on display in our window a Cheval Bed-Room Set in Ash Wood, which we will sell for \$15.00. Our competitors may have one for the same price in Elm or Pine wood, and tell you it's just as good, but you know as well as we, that these are soft woods. Such an offer has never before been given to the people of this city and vicinity, and there are always some people who know a good thing when they see it. Same lowness of price prevails on other goods.

15
DOLLARS.

AT A GLANCE

W. S. ALLEEN,

332-334 South Spring Street.

OVERCOATS AND
MACKINTOSHES

FOR MEN AND BOYS

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We lead for Style and Variety.
All prices here.HARRIS & FRANK,
PROPRIETORS,
119, 121, 123, 125
North Spring Street

London Clothing Co.

WOOLLACOTT'S
First Street
Tract.

NEAR SANTA FE AND TERMINAL DEPOTS.

36=LOTS=36

THE CHOICEST IN THE TRACT.

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On the Property at 2 o'clock P.M.

Guaranteed Certificate of Title with Each Lot Free, Payments Easy.

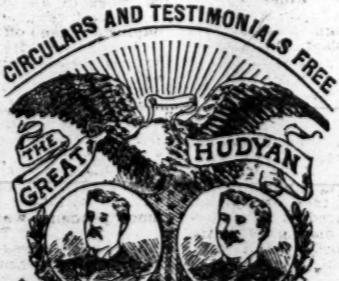
CLOSE TO THE BUSINESS CENTER.

On account of its nearness to First and Spring streets, it's the finest investment for the speculator. 6 minutes ride.

On account of its being a stone's throw from the Terminal and Santa Fe Depots, it's the best location for the railroad man.

On account of its location, it's the place for the factory hand to build his home.

No expense has been spared to beautify this tract.



CIRCULARS AND TESTIMONIALS FREE

THE GREAT HUDDYAN

WASTING DISEASES WEAKEN WONDER-

ABLY because they weaken you slowly, gradually.

Do not allow this waste of body to make you poor, flabby, immature man. Health, strength

and vigor is for you whether you be rich or poor.

The Great Huddyan is to be had only from the Hudson Medical Institute.

The Great Huddyan is the most wonderful discovery of the age.

It has been endorsed by the leading scientific men of Europe and America.

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Huddyan stops prematureness of the discharge in twenty days. Cures dizziness, falling fits, nervous twitches of the eyes and other parts.

Strengthens, invigorates and tones the entire system.

It is as cheap as any other remedy.

Huddyan cures debility, nervousness, and develops and restores weak organs.

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Send for circulars and testimonials.

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serious disorder carries myriads of more pro-

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The Great Huddyan cures all these pro-

ducing colored spots, ulcers in mouth

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You can save a trip to Hot Springs by writing for "Blood

Book" to the old physicians of the

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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HOMAS B. CLARK,

332 West First Street, Auctioneer.

A BOY'S STRATEGY.

AN INCIDENT OF COUNT D'ESTAING'S SIEGE OF SAVANNAH.

(CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.)
BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

When Count D'Estain and Gen. Lincoln besieged Savannah, Ga., in 1779, there was a youth named Ogden Adair who had dropped into the American army in an irregular way, at least his name never appeared in the rolls. Nothing is known of his place of birth, or of parent or of his life, save the one incident I am about to record, which is preserved in the memoranda of the siege of Savannah made by an unknown person and held among the papers of the late Louis Hillford, Esq., which papers are now my property.

It would seem that Ogden Adair belonged, in some capacity, to the company of Capt. John White; at all events he was an actor in a very dramatic bit of military strategy for which Capt. White had to submit in a huff. Young Adair was but a striking youth, probably 16 years old, yet it seems that his energy and activity had won for him the respect and confidence of his commander.

Young Adair had been sent to Savannah to take part in the siege, and his company, which belonged to the Fourth Georgia Battalion, was stationed near the extreme right of the American

No one knew what had become of him. "A spy. He's gone to tell the enemy our situation and direct their movements. Give orders to shoot him at first sight."

Work came in a moment that young Adair had run against a sentinel and known him down, had seized his gun and fled with it into the darkness. There could now be no doubt, he was a spy indeed, and he knew all about the British, their numbers, condition and position. He was betrayed, however, for Capt. French couldn't have known his surprise and confusion, and while he was yet questioning some of his officers, there came dashing up to him an American officer, mounted, sword in hand, his horse foaming and champing at the bit.

"Are you the British commander here?" the cavalier hoarsely and sternly inquired.

"I am, sir," the astonished Briton answered; "who are you?"

"Well, sir, I am in command of the American army now, rapidly moving upon you. My men are not in good humor; they are exasperated; I have come hurriedly to prevent bad work, if I can. You see that there is no chance for you; you are outnumbered, surrounded, and in no condition to fight. Surrender at once, or I cannot be responsible for the results. Your small force will be annihilated."

Capt. French stood irresolute for a moment; then he heard some loud commands of an artillery officer close by, directing a battery. Almost at the same time a staff officer came up at full speed and saluted the American commander.

"Of course I shall have to surrender,



BEFORE CAPT. FRENCH.

army: its duty was to patrol the country bordering on the Ogeechee River.

At this time Count D'Estain had a strong fleet at the mouth of the Savannah and was master of every water-way leading from the Atlantic to the besieged city. His sudden movements had caused alarm, and he had sent out boats and armed vessels lying at Sunbury under command of Capt. French of the British army. This flotilla, not being able to put out to sea, entered the Ogeechee River, and ascended it to within a few miles of Savannah, hoping to establish communication with Gen. Prevost. Capt. French had more than a hundred soldiers, the accounts say one hundred, and eleven, well armed and five vessels, among which the last was one carrying fourteen guns and fifteen men's crews. He established a camp on the river's bank and disposed of his vessels, so as to be ready for any emergency.

Meantime Young Ogden Adair had ventured to scout close to the line, where he climbed a tree and was able to count the men and make an estimate of the number of soldiers. Returning to Capt. White he reported what he had discovered and then submitted a daring plan for the capture of the whole command.

"We can do it," he enthusiastically said, and do it easily. They can't get out of our way, and we can get into Gen. Prevost's lines at Savannah. All that we've got to do is boldly to surround them and demand their surrender."

Now what made this proposition seem absurd at first was the fact that Capt. White's men were then consisted of but seven men himself included, and the boy Adair. How were they to surround 150 soldiers and seamen and capture them, fleet and all? Ogden Adair proceeded to describe his plan in detail. His enthusiasm was catching. White and his brave men soon felt the fascination of a daring and romantic adventure, so graphically presented, in which seven men were to play the part of an army.

The following evening, a short while after dark, Capt. French, the commander of the English camp on the Ogeechee had an interview with a lad who reported himself as a deserter from the American army. He had been forced to enlist, he said, and now he was tired of war. The British captain spent a long time with him, and tried to dissuade him from deserting, but could elicit no more than a reticence. The boy was bright, intelligent, pleasing, and seemed to know a great deal for one of his years. The captain was charmed; he plied him on the subject of all the British forces, their condition, their numbers and disposition.

"They are prepared to attack you in force," said the boy.

"How do you know?" the captain de-

sired.

"It is useless to resist," said Capt. French, handing his sword to the horseman.

"Where shall I place the ten-gun battery?" inquired the staff officer, in great haste.

"Do nothing, but hold all ready. Go back and say that the British have surrendered. Send guides and a guard to conduct the prisoners to headquarters."

The commander to whom French and his army had so tamely surrendered was Capt. White, who (aided by five other Americans) had imitated the noises and movements of a large army.) The British forces, under Capt. French, had been sent to the British command over to Gen. Lincoln, after having burned the fleet, spiked the guns and fifteen miles seawards. He established a camp on the river's bank and disposed of his vessels, so as to be ready for any emergency.

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